

WISDEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



PRICE DANIEL,
GOVERNOR
STATE OF TEXAS



Women Shoplifters

More than 90 per cent of today's shoplifters are women, and most professional female shoplifters are narcotics addicts.

Sergeant Gladys Young of the Los Angeles Police Department says: "Shoplifting is the major means by which the narcotics addict finances her habit. Usually the women on 'junk' can't handle a gun, and prostitution is morally repulsive to them, so they turn to shoplifting."

Dope addicts in need of a "fix" frequently suffer from runny noses, red nostrils, and bloodshot eyes. Shoplifting women use their handkerchiefs to dab their noses or to hide some outstanding, easily identifiable feature.



TWO out of five teen-agers take a drink now and then, according to a poll conducted by Gilbert Youth Research on the question of teens and the alcohol question.

It is noteworthy that most of the drinkers admit they come from drinking families.

Nearly half the teen-agers say their mothers drink, and about three out of five say their fathers do.

Where the mother is a teetotaler, four out of five girls and three out of five boys say they don't drink. The same ratio of girls and three of four boys maintain they won't touch a drop if their father doesn't.

WHAT YOUTH SAY

ing as codeine or morphine, with the same effects on those who are cut off from their supply," says United States Narcotics Commissioner Harry J. Anslinger. "Cough medicine is the new form of addiction among teen-agers who are seeking excitement, little realizing that they will be trapped in the process."

Threshold of Impairment

Dr. Robert Forney, director of the State Toxicology Laboratory at the Indiana University Medical Center, says, "Definite evidence of impairment" appears from as little as .05 per cent alcohol in the blood of some drivers. The generally accepted legal level in the United States is now .15 per cent alcohol content as *prima facie* evidence of intoxication.

War Without Fear

A familiar drug may someday be used to protect men against the intense fear ordinarily experienced in combat. Dr. Neal E. Miller, of Yale University, experimented with rats, using sodium amytal.

When given specified doses, the rats would go further toward a flashing light than they would without the drug. The light symbolized to them the possi-

One out of four girls states she rarely continues past the second drink. With the boys, however, only one in five says he stops after the first one, while two out of five claim they usually go to five or more.

Sixty-six per cent of the boys prefer beer, and 45 per cent of the girls favor a whisky highball, with 32 per cent preferring wine. Nearly a third of the young people had the first drink at home, presumably with parental approval. Nearly three quarters of the teen-agers polled said they do not approve of young people drinking. Girls are against it nearly four to one; boys reported they disapproved almost two to one.

Teen-Age Fad

The latest craze in "junkland" is cough-medicine addiction. "Cos," the abbreviation for one of the most popular narcotic-containing cough medicines, can also refer to other brands which contain the drug dihydrocodeinone.

Some juveniles are drinking as much as eight bottles of "Cos" a day to get that "way-out feeling."

"Dihydrocodeinone is as potent and as habit-form-

ability of an electric shock. Psychologists consider the possibility that sodium amytal can be used to help soldiers advance in battle in spite of great natural fear.

Narcotics Capital

More than 75 per cent of narcotics violation arrests in California occur in Los Angeles County, according to Assemblyman Chet Wolfrum of California's Fifty-sixth District.

LISTEN

A Journal of Better Living

MAY-JUNE, 1961
Volume 14 Number 3

OUR COVER

Vastness has become proverbial in Texas. In addition, this great state is known for its hospitality, its graciousness, and its largeness of heart.

Typical of his state in many ways is Governor Price Daniel, who feels that "our nation and our world would be a lot better off if there were more individualism."

Governor Daniel is renowned as a fighter of crime. He feels that young people can have more influence for good law enforcement than anyone else. He will long be remembered as a man who has set an example of better living.

"Listen's" cover picture of Governor Daniel is through the courtesy of the Texas Highway Department.

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Francis A. Soper

This picture is no fake. This boy's mother, and grandmother, were killed in a traffic accident caused by a drinking driver. The father, a highway patrolman, took this photograph of his son in order to encourage and inspire all motorists to drive "toward others as you would have others drive toward you."

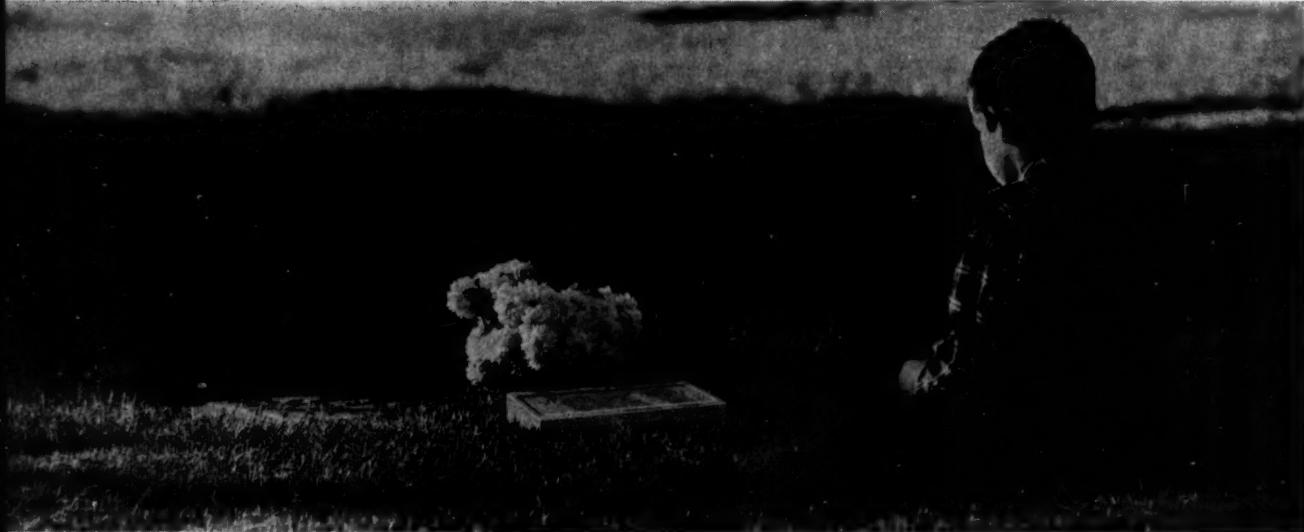
This photo is being used widely by the Association of State and Provincial Safety Co-ordinators as part of their international campaign for moral responsibility in traffic accident prevention, with the theme, "Drive by the golden rule; you are your brother's keeper."

Indeed, there would be fewer graves like this one pic-

tured, more happy boys,—with mothers, —and closer observance of the golden rule if only the "d" of driving were never mixed with the "d" of drinking.

mother's

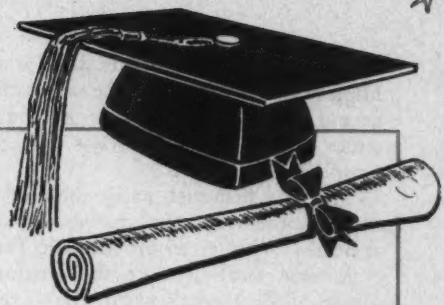
grave



Ray Bernard



George Vincent Burnett—not only a father, but also principal of El Monte Union High School.



Convinced that high school seniors do not need to run risks on their graduation night, El Monte (California) citizens developed a plan for—

Safe Graduation Parties

IF YOU read the newspaper at all, you well know that some 12,000 young people under twenty-five lose their lives and half a million are injured each year in traffic accidents, at a monetary cost of \$1,500,000,000.

You know, too, that the automobile is involved in more than four of every five major crimes for which youngsters are convicted today.

Some may shrug all this off quite lightly.

But many high school seniors and their parents do not. They are beginning to do something about it, especially at graduation time.

For example, in Jefferson City, Missouri; Worthington, Minnesota; and El Monte, California, highway accidents involving young people have been virtually cut out at graduation time, chiefly because of programs worked out by student-parent co-operation. In Washington, D.C., at least one large high school (Anacostia) conducts a graduation night party that eliminates automobile driving for students. Prescott, Arkansas (4,000), has worked up a "festival" affair that keeps citizens, young and old, off the highway on graduation night.

Programs vary from place to place, from elaborate preparations, as in Prescott, to the simple affair held last year in Cheyenne, Wyoming, under auspices of the local Mormon church and inspired by the El Monte model.

This latter program, however, has had steady development and now involves thousands of participants each year. It costs little, it eliminates the threat of drinking,

and it keeps seniors off the highways on their happiest night.

It began in 1951, when one father became worried about the risks his daughter might run on graduation night. Nobody had ever tried to plan any sort of program, and the kids were on their own as soon as the sheepskin touched their eager hands and the kisses and handshaking were over.

That meant his daughter would go off then with her date and another couple and return, like all the others, after a night on the crowded highways and perhaps in the night clubs. Their parents would sit restlessly by the telephone and worry the hours away.

It was a bit ridiculous, yet it is still being done in many American communities.

But this night of fretting and sleeplessness impelled George Vincent Burnett and his wife to discuss the matter, once graduation was all over, with other parents and friends.

Vince, a Rotarian who was not only a parent but also principal of El Monte Union High School (2,400 students), managed to keep the subject alive as a conversation piece, and collected ideas on the problem.

Four years earlier, William F. Fenske, a student member of a boys' party that drove up the Pacific Coast as far as Santa Barbara on his graduation night, had become disgusted over the idea of "all-night driving" on the memorable night. Fenske and Burnett were to figure prominently in the development of the El Monte plan.

Today Fenske is activities director at El Monte Union High School. "This year," he says with enthusiasm, "will be our third carless year in the community's series of senior proms. The kids love it. The parents like it. No complaints anywhere."

The very first such party, the outgrowth of Burnett's conversations with other parents and students, took place at nearby Whittier, in the Masonic Temple.

At first, recalls Fenske, the programs were relatively simple at El Monte's event. However, today there are not only motion pictures available to the seniors, but they can get their crew cuts and permanents or other beauty treatment, listen to popular vocalists and orchestra leaders, pick up razors and perfumes as door prizes, earn valuable awards in games and contests, and even pose for artists and caricaturists.

All this detailed, labored-over program has come into being chiefly because students and parents became deeply concerned about the dangers of night driving and the possibility of drinking. As the other side of the same coin,

numbers. Where would be the best site? This question now is only a formality. Who will furnish music and entertainment? What will be on the menu? What about the decorations and setting? And, especially for the adult committee, where will the cash come from to cover the expense items?

Students work closely with parent committees on the programming, but focus on entertainment and decor, while parents naturally concentrate on finances. Enthusiasm builds up among both groups of workers.

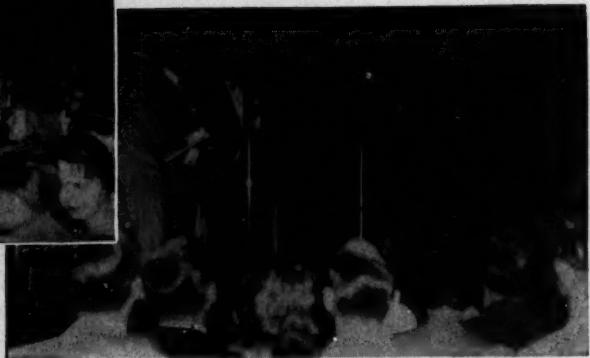
It is important to note that the school faculty has no responsibility in the planning. Early in the plan's growth, the project was sponsored by the local P.T.A. Of late, even this sponsorship has dwindled as the project became truly a parent-student job.

At the request of parents, however, some educators have aided in the formulation by youngsters and adults of a "code of ethics" for the party. This code asks seniors to promise not to bring any liquor to the party, and also not to leave the site until the party's end.



Contests and games enliven
El Monte's graduation party. ★

★ *Manny Harmon, West Coast singer, has been a special feature to young partygoers.*



the new custom has evolved into something of a system, and there is even a hand-down folder of records and experiences to lay at the elbow of the incoming yearly chairman.

For instance, the first meeting to plan the 1961 project was attended by some 200 parents, reports the chairman, Mrs. Orval Kempton. "That was a wonderful turnout for an organizational meeting," she said.

Mrs. Kempton and the chairmen of the six committees met in October with student body representatives to start the plans moving. Always there has been co-operation between adults and young people, and in the opinion of specialists in group work there always must be—provided one wants success.

Chores there are, for El Monte student and parent plan-

Two children of Mrs. William H. Allen, wife of a former mayor of El Monte, have gone through the annual celebration. Mrs. Allen comments, "I was happy to know that my son and daughter were in a place I knew, happy also to know what they were doing and that they would enjoy themselves there safely."

One-time chairman of the annual project, Mrs. Allen found that parents were extremely co-operative. "They literally crawl out of the woodwork to help. During the school months some whom you have never seen before and may never see again show up for committee work."

Best proof of the pudding, says Activities Director Fenske, is the fact that only about a dozen seniors absent themselves from the party, with as many as 350 present. From a larger class

(Turn to page 34.)



THOSE "WONDERFUL" PILLS

S. E. Clark

"**T**HHERE'S nothing the matter with your stomach, young lady," the doctor said. "You're just worried about the performance ratings. Isn't that it?"

Betty, a typist in a large military installation, admitted that she had been worrying lately. The annual performance ratings were due soon. If she failed to receive a "satisfactory" rating, she would lose her job. Betty was making too many errors.

"You said you're a typist?" Dr. Brown asked again. As Betty nodded he smiled and took out a prescription pad. "I'm going to give you a prescription for some pills. Just take these and stop worrying about your typing."

The pills that she bought in the drugstore were little yellow, heart-shaped tablets with dividing lines down the middle. When she took one that night it made her mouth feel so cottony that she hardly wanted to eat anything, but she felt strangely free from nervousness and worry. The pain in her stomach was gone. She decided that the doctor's talk about her typing must have been only a joke.

The next morning, however, when she sat down to her typewriter, her fingers ran along the keys smoothly without making any errors. She tried speeding up, and she still didn't make any errors. It was uncanny! She, a young girl who had barely passed the Civil Service typing test, was typing like a person with ten years' experience! She told the other typists in the office.

Dr. Brown's office, near the base, was open evenings. This was fortunate, Betty thought, since it would have been awkward to explain to their supervisor why four typists in the same unit needed sick-leave slips every two

weeks. On the first evening when Betty, Sally, Hannah, and Mrs. Mack went in together they found that all the other evening patients were also typists. It took only minutes for Dr. Brown to treat his patients. Each one walked into his private office, passed him \$5, took a prescription, and walked out again. Betty couldn't help thinking how much more money he must be making than ordinary doctors who spend half an hour on each patient.

"Isn't he nice to tell us about these wonderful pills?" she said. "I can type eighty words a minute. I've clocked myself, and I still don't make any mistakes."

Some time went by. The doctor had the girls come every two weeks and pay him another \$5 for a prescription. It wasn't long before the girls became confident of passing the performance ratings.

One day their supervisor, Mr. Ainsley, called a unit meeting. "I must express my sincere appreciation," he said, "for the phenomenal improvement you typists have made in the quantity and quality of your work in the past few months. This is the true spirit of public service.

"And I take pleasure in commending one typist, in particular," he said, beaming at middle-aged Hannah, "for your co-operative attitude. You have, indeed, become an asset to our unit."

Come to think of it, Betty thought, Hannah had not snapped at anybody lately. She just went around with a dreamy expression on her face and did everything she was told to do instead of arguing the way she used to.

As Betty listened to her supervisor, his voice sounded strangely far away. She felt dizzy and couldn't get her

breath. She thought of asking for a sick slip to go to the dispensary, but suddenly she remembered the pills. It wouldn't do to have the nurse find out about them. Somehow she managed to get through the rest of the day.

At home that night she saw her face in the mirror and it looked so odd that she was frightened. Although Dr. Brown had assured them that the pills would not do any harm, she could not suppress a fear that it might be the pills.

That night instead of taking a whole pill she broke one

This "Listen" feature is a true story, though quite unique. The experience described by the author does not indicate that this particular problem arising out of the use of amphetamine is prevalent over a wide area. This drug is beneficial when used according to medical direction, but with long-continued abuse it can lead to tragic results. To learn more of the possible effects of amphetamine, or "bennies," the reader is referred to the book, "The Pharmacological Basis of Therapeutics," by Goodman and Gillman, published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

open on the dividing line and took only half of it. After that she cut down somewhat on her pills, but she didn't like to let on to the other typists that she was frightened. Within a week her typing was not quite as smooth, but those strange symptoms scared her more than the fear of losing her job.

It was some time before the other typists began to show any effects.

"It's a pleasure to see how quiet and orderly my unit has grown," said the supervisor one morning. "There's none of that distracting chatter and giggling that we had earlier this year. I'm sure all of you ladies have come to realize the importance of a quiet office atmosphere."

It was quiet, Betty noticed, now that she was able to think. Sally, who used to do most of the giggling, just sat pouting at her machine and typed as fast as she could. Mrs. Mack used to be concerned about the girls' health and was always giving them motherly advice. Now she didn't seem to care about anything any more, but complained of a pain in her back. And Hannah's sharp tongue was quiet.

On their next appointment with Dr. Brown he asked them where Hannah was. The girls were sure she was still taking the pills because her typing was fast and smooth and she still had that dreamy manner. The doctor seemed nervous, and for no reason he would explain,

asked them to cut down on their pills and gradually discontinue them.

One night when Betty had gone out through the gate she heard somebody coming up behind her. Looking around, she saw Hannah. As soon as they were out of earshot of the guards, she came up close.

"I know you girls will let the cat out of the bag if I don't do something," she said, "so I'm going to tell you where I'm getting my pills." She passed Betty a slip of paper. "That's Joe's Place, a diner out on the highway where truck drivers stop. All you have to do is walk up to the counterman and say, 'Can I get some bennies?' He will know what you mean."

Betty thanked her and told the other girls the next morning. "Hannah says these pills are called 'bennies.'

At their last appointment with Dr. Brown, they hoped he would not notice that they had not been cutting down on their pills as he had told them to do. But as Betty was walking out of his office, he suddenly grabbed her by the shoulder and whirled her around.

"You girls are being fools," he hissed. "Fools! Just tell your friends that if my office is mentioned in connection with any investigation, I'll turn all your names over to the Civil Service Commission."

This was blackmail! Frightened, they all promised one another never to breathe a word to anybody about Dr. Brown, no matter what happened.

After breaking with Dr. Brown, they got along fine with the pills they got at Joe's Place. Instead of only feeling calm and relaxed, they felt wonderful. Now they could make corrections better than ever. Their minds seemed sharp, and they appeared alert and bright-eyed. The supervisor was even more proud of his unit. What Betty and Sally liked best about it was that they needed only four or five hours of sleep each night. They could be up half the night and still come to work feeling fresh the next morning.

It was not until several months later that tragedy struck. First, Mrs. Mack was taken suddenly ill while at her desk. The supervisor telephoned the dispensary and two men came with a litter.

Mrs. Mack evidently was very sick. What if they should find out something about the "bennies" when they examined her? As Betty began to type again, it dawned on her that she had felt some of the same symptoms that Mrs. Mack complained of. She, too, noticed dizziness, shortness of breath, and had a pain in her back. It must be the pills!

She dared not take another pill. She skipped her noon dose. That night she gathered up all the pills she had left in her apartment and discarded them. Several hours after the time for her evening pill she became violently sick. Her first impulse was to reach for the telephone and call a doctor. Then she thought of what Dr. Brown had told her. Any doctor would ask questions and she would have to explain everything.

She dared not call anybody. After hours of writhing pain and nausea she began to feel a little better. She hoped it was only a reaction from stopping the pills too suddenly.

The next morning she dragged herself to the office and, in spite of her discomfort, (Turn to page 30.)

PRE-ALCOHOLIC SYMPTOMS



GROSS
DRINKING
BEHAVIOR



GULPING AND
SNEAKING DRINKS



LOSS OF
CONTROL



CAN STOP ANYTIME
-ANYTIME -ANYTIME-



ALIBI SYSTEM



EYE
OPENERS



DRINKING ALONE



CHANGING
THE PATTERN

STEPS TO ALCOHOLISM



COLLAPSE
OF
ALIBI
SYSTEM



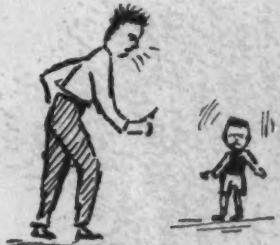
PROTECTING
SUPPLY



NAMELESS
FEARS-ANXIETIES



TREMORS



UNREASONABLE
RESENTMENTS



BENDERS

LATER STAGES

HOSPITALIZATION

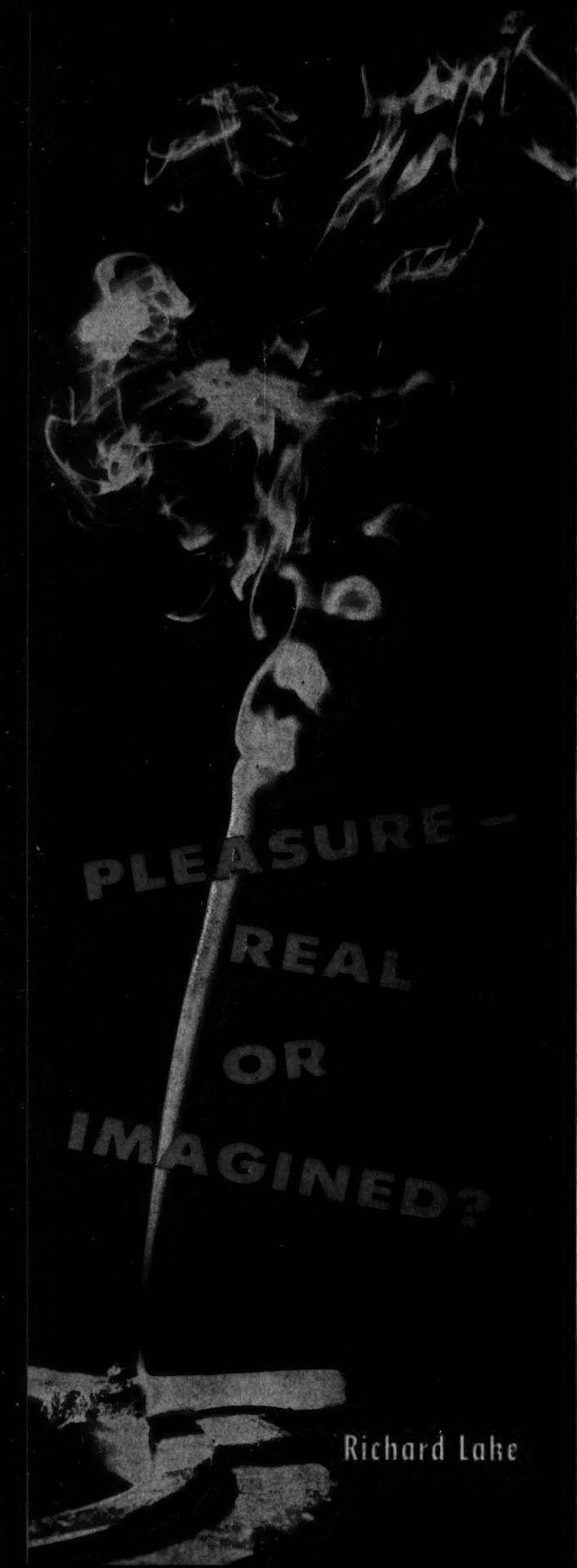


LOSS OF FRIENDS AND JOBS

ANTI-SOCIAL BEHAVIOR

I CAN
LICK
ANYONE!

YOU'RE
FIRED!



Richard Lake

A psychologist takes a logical look at this matter of smoking.

WE SMOKE, especially cigarettes, because the experience of smoking is intoxicating. This experience of minor intoxication is so important that it lies at the base of the wide appeal that smoking has for human beings. Let me spell out why I believe this.

As a child, along with other youngsters who were trying new experiences, I sampled cigars and cigarettes. When I was fourteen I started experiencing this intoxication. In other words, at fourteen I began to inhale the smoke.

What kind of experience was it? To me it was new, different, fascinating. It was wonderful. But most of all it was *intoxicating*. I became sick and dizzy. The sickness passed. The dizziness, the dreamy intoxication, I remembered.

It was a private experience that whispered inwardly that this was good, pleasant, comforting, reassuring. I looked around at others to see if they were enjoying this inner wonder. They didn't mention it. Very well, I would not mention it. That was a great part of the charm of this intoxication. It was private.

Because it is private, smokers tend to link the experience of smoking with other private and pleasurable sensations. They like a cigarette after meals, a smoke along with a drink, a smoke with coffee, a smoke while resting. Most smokers will deny that they prize smoking for the intoxication that it brings, or even that they experience intoxication at all. "Intoxication" is a bad word. Most of us feel that we should not admit enjoying intoxication, even if we do. Smokers claim, "Smoking is fun." "Smoking relaxes me." "Smoking calms my nerves."

I accepted these attitudes, and I smoked for thirty years. However, along the way I tested my own assumptions. "Is smoking really a pleasure?"

I had to admit that smoking was irritating to me, and not a pleasure. I found that it was stinging to my eyes, harmful to my nose and sinuses, and drying to my throat. If I smoked more than moderately, I became dizzy. This was alarming to me. I learned later that I had a low tolerance to toxicity of any kind. This made it impossible for me to become a heavy smoker. In fact, I probably enjoyed smoking less than most persons, but still I continued to smoke.

"Does smoking relax?"

Since I believed that a cigarette upon retiring helped me relax and go to sleep more quickly, one of my habits was smoking in bed. In testing this, and in reflecting upon it after I quit smoking, I found that I actually took longer to drop off to sleep after a cigarette.

Furthermore, I slept less soundly than I did without a "good-night" cigarette. Nevertheless, the practice was comforting to me, and my belief in its relaxing effect was so strong that I continued to smoke in bed. Ultimately, this was the smoking habit most difficult to break.

Another aspect of the relaxation assumption led me to the question, "If smoking is relaxing, why does one smoke lead to another?" I knew that I was excited and tense as I thought of having a cigarette and then proceeded to

have one. My actual experience, or illusion, of pleasure and relaxation was short and was soon succeeded by the twitching desire for another smoke. One might ask, "If smoking is relaxing, why are the heaviest smokers the most nervous people?"

One cannot ask this, or any similar question, of smokers themselves. We cannot ask the smoker to give a reasonable explanation for his emotional behavior. In the first place, he doesn't know his reason for smoking. In the second place, he couldn't explain his smoking if he did know the reason, because he is ashamed of the pleasure he takes in intoxication.

"Does smoking calm one's nerves?"

Smoking always made me feel let down—not relaxed in the sense that a person is relaxed who knows what he is doing and feels free to do it efficiently, without frenzy or strain. Not relaxed, but let down, tired, twitchy, fluttery. Tests demonstrate that a person's nervous co-ordination is hampered by smoking.

If your task is to shoot a gun, thread a needle, operate a machine, or draw a picture, your nervous functioning will be less efficient after smoking. You may *feel* more secure and confident after smoking. This will be so only if your tension is such that the narcosis, or intoxication, makes you feel your distress less acutely.

This is the illusion that must be understood if we are to understand the smoker. A person will not continue a practice when it is no longer pleasurable and is noxious and harmful, unless he *believes* that the experience is doing something for him.

My understanding of the intoxication appeal of smoking did not come about until I had quit smoking. One does not quit smoking merely because he ceases to smoke. When I had a tonsillectomy, I could not smoke for a long while, and decided to see how it would be without smoking. Stopping for about a year, I was puzzled to observe myself slowly but surely going back to smoking. "I've quit, haven't I?" I asked myself. "Why do I start again?"

The point was that I had nothing to put in the place of smoking. Without knowing what was happening, I still enjoyed the minor intoxication because it was doing something for me. I did not really quit smoking until I learned what this was, and until I learned how to gain this benefit without tobacco.

The second time I quit, I was scared pink over published reports of the relationship between smoking and lung cancer. Thus I must admit that I did not cease smoking because I was brave, but because I was a coward. As I have said, I never became a heavy smoker because of my low tolerance for toxicity. Even so I longed for the experience of smoking—of intoxication. I might have slid back into smoking if in the meantime I had not learned something from a study of alcoholics.

I asked, "Why do people value the experience of intoxication?" I found that alcoholics do not value intoxication for itself. Drinking alcohol helps a person insulate himself against real or possible distress in his relationships with other persons. A person begins drinking and keeps on drinking because he believes that he can change a relationship by protecting himself against experiencing it.

If this sounds confusing, please accept that I am trying to put it in terms that an alco-

(Turn to page 34.)

THE LONELIEST JOB IN THE WORLD



Interview by Tamara Andreeva

LIKE the weather, drunkenness is something everyone likes to talk about; but few do anything about it. It is different in Henderson, Nevada, where militant Municipal Judge George O. Treem once said openly: "I hope I can come to this court one day and not have to come face to face with a drunk." He did not merely say it; he proceeded to do something about it.

Methodically, local police began to net drunken drivers and bring them before Judge Treem, who as methodically began to impose a whopping fine of \$175, a thirty-day license suspension, and frequently eighty-seven and a half days in jail.

Very few drunks so handled ever made a repeat appearance in his court. The example also seemed to have made a salutary impression on would-be drunken drivers. More and more of those brought in were out-of-towners who had never heard of the town of Henderson or of Judge Treem.

Whenever circumstances warrant, the judge suspends sentence, or gives the guilty party an opportunity to "straighten up." But in the case of one alcoholic who made nothing but promises, Judge Treem patiently listened to his impassioned pleas, during his last appearance in court, to let him off so he could "rejoin the A.A." Then the judge said: "This is exactly what you said twice before. This time I am going to send you to a place where they do not sell liquor. I sentence you to thirty days in the city jail."

Besides his determination to prove to the public that liquor and gasoline do not mix, Judge Treem is different from some judges in that he takes genuine and human interest in the people who come before him. He sees many of them privately in his chambers, helping them with friendly advice. He follows up on these cases long after they are off the docket officially.

Perhaps the greatest difference between Judge Treem and other men in the same capacity is in his choice of legal aids with which he surrounds himself. One of the books he uses constantly, and which is always at his side, is a dog-eared Bible. "In this Book," he says, "there is an answer to every question, to every problem. All one has to do is to look."

He says that the job of a municipal judge is "the loneliest job in the world. There you are with a problem, and you are holding a man's life and future in your hands. One needs more than human strength to give the correct answer. That is why I rely on the Bible for help."

Knowing this, the people who come before him do not resent his decisions even if some of them appear harsh at first. In almost every case, Judge Treem ends up by making a friend. He also has made his community a better place in which to live.



Looking

Wally E. Schulz

High School Rodeo

Last year Wisconsin joined the states sponsoring high school rodeo championships, a new activity rapidly finding its place among youth today.

Winner of the title of all-around champion cowboy in the state competition was Gary Whitehead of Sparta, who went on to compete in the Thirteenth Annual National Championship High School Rodeo at Hot Springs, South Dakota.

Pat Smith of Whitewater was chosen queen of the first statewide event.

Chief aim of the promoters is to help build character and eliminate juvenile delinquency among high school students.

Myrtle V. Johnson

Learning by Doing

Teen-ager Sharon Edwards of Oakland, California, received her first sewing machine when she was eight years old. She has hardly gotten away from one since, and now makes much of her own wardrobe.

Latest achievement in her hobby is the decorating of her own bedroom, in yellow and gray. Blending with the small yellow flowers in the soft gray wallpaper are the yellow nylon curtains adorning the windows. Over the bed, covered with a yellow chromspun taffeta spread, is a canopy of sheer nylon in matching yellow. She already has passed along to several others her patterns for this attractive combination. Her parents helped with the papering and painting, but the materials and colors are of her own choosing.



for a Hobby?



Inez Grossman

My Treasures

What could be more interesting than collecting dishes as a hobby? Since I first began to notice dishes, they have fascinated me. Many times when I was small and we visited in homes, mother found me standing in front of china cabinets and admiring the dishes.

Then I began collecting.

Now my collection can be classified in four groups; cups and saucers, pitchers, antiques, and souvenirs.

Not only is it a pleasure to collect china, but when artistically arranged the pieces add a lovely personal touch to my home.

Grow Your Own Sheepskin!

Wally E. Schulz



Seventeen-year-old Jeanette Sheard of Elk-horn, Wisconsin, is going to earn her college sheepskin with sheepskins.

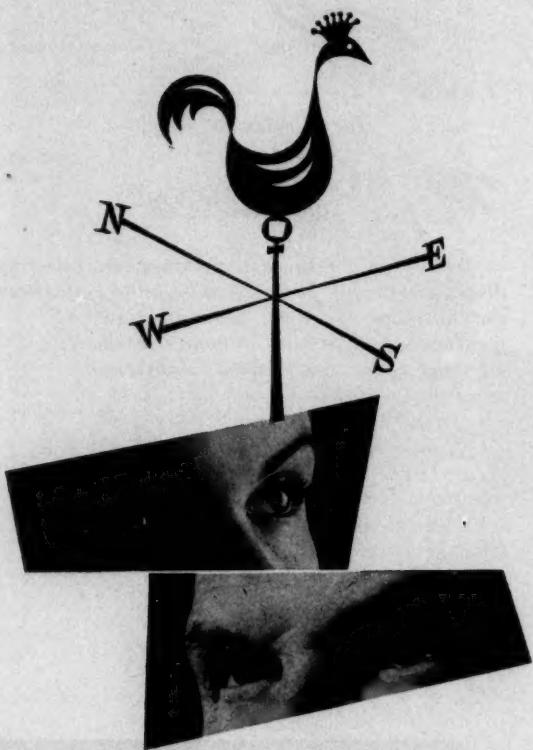
Already the winner of blue ribbons at both county and state fairs, she has been raising sheep for eight years, specializing in Shropshires and Southdowns.

"The most exciting thing," she says, "is outdoing the boys. They think sheep are a man's world." In 1959 she won the senior sheep trimmer's award, over all the male entrants.



William L. Roper

Pressure groups try to crack California wide open.



a time for vigilance!

ALL who oppose weakening of liquor-control laws and regulations have their eyes on the State of California, which has become a sort of national weather vane because of its complex social problems related to alcohol. There under the pressure of its burgeoning population, the trouble spots and trends, intensified by the state's rapid growth, show up clearly.

Two key objectives of liquor lobbyists in California are to open up new taverns and retail outlets in dry territory and to curb the power of the California Motor Vehicle Department to cancel the licenses of convicted drunken drivers.

In a determined effort to reduce the menace of drunken drivers, who have been taking a terrible toll of life on California highways, Robert I. McCarthy, state motor

vehicle director, had initiated a "get tough" policy which became the target of the liquor lobby and its subservient political hatchet men.

Prior to McCarthy's action on July 4, 1959, ordering an arbitrary six-month suspension of drivers' licenses for all persons convicted of drunken driving, including first offenders, some California judges had been notoriously lenient in dealing with these potential killers. Not only were many drunken drivers getting off with light fines instead of jail sentences, but they retained their driving licenses. McCarthy's "get tough" policy changed that.

But a howl of anguish immediately followed his edict. Judges who felt their judicial authority was being weakened, criminal attorneys specializing in defending drunken drivers, and even newspapers that felt more concern over what they considered "the constitutional rights" of the drunken drivers than the mangled bodies of the accident victims—all declared war on McCarthy's policy. But the California State Supreme Court upheld his power to take away the licenses of drunken drivers.

And Governor Edmund G. Brown repeated that driving is not a right, but a privilege.

Nevertheless, strong forces in the California State Legislature, which was for years under the domination of the powerful liquor lobbyist, Artie Samish, continue to agitate for a change in state laws to curb the state motor vehicle director's power to suspend the licenses of convicted drunken drivers.

As early as November 25 of last year, the Senate Fact Finding Committee on Transportation and Public Utilities disclosed in Sacramento that it had ordered such a bill drafted. The proposed bill would permit the motor vehicle department director to act only if a court had failed to act on the drunken driver's license. The bill would leave this question up to the discretion of the trial judge.

Obviously, that would mean returning to the laxity and lack of uniformity that prevailed prior to McCarthy's "get tough" policy. It would be turning the clock back in the state's war on drunken driving.

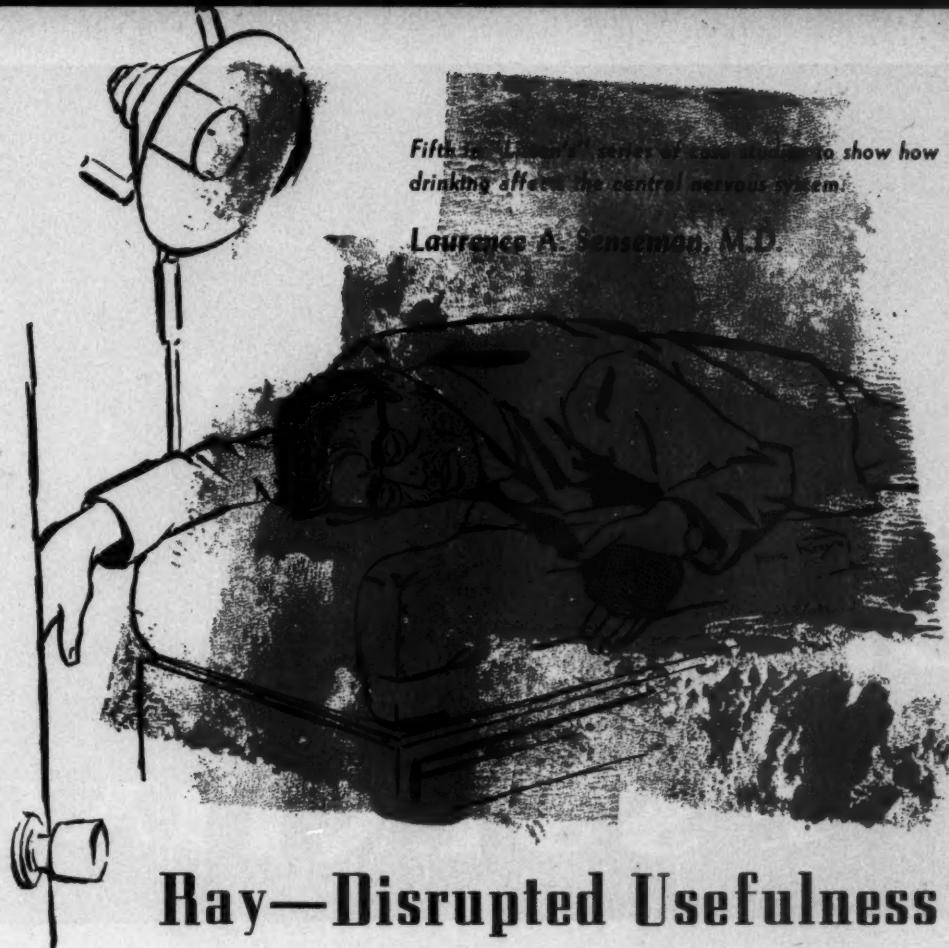
Another legislative move in progress is a plot to break down the state's outright ban on the sale of hard liquor within a mile of colleges and to open up new dry areas in the vicinity of educational institutions to liquor-selling licenses.

In line with this, changes are being sought in the state's license limitation law on the basis of population growth. Arguing that state liquor licenses are now excessively inflated, those seeking to change the law contend that more "off-sale general licenses" for places selling package liquor are needed.

In other words, there is a liquor-lobbyist-sponsored drive to open up more liquor-selling outlets throughout the state. But the emphasis is on the so-called "dry" or "have not" areas.

This move can spell trouble for California's colleges, which have in the past been able to keep their campuses fairly clean of the drunkenness that would result from greater proximity. On October 18, 1960, a ruling in Sacramento foreshadowed this threat. On that date, the Alcoholic Beverage Appeals Board upset the ban on the sale of hard liquor

(Turn to page 32.)



Fifteen minute film of how alcohol affects the central nervous system.

Laurence A. Sensemam, M.D.

Ray—Disrupted Usefulness

WHAT has happened here?" The office nurse of a prominent medical specialist noticed the shattered glass in the door at the rear entrance to the doctor's office.

"Look at the blood on the steps; what could this be?" she thought as she followed the fresh bloodstains which led up the steps to the office.

The door was ajar, and there also was blood on the rug and the desk, and on the telephone. Papers were scattered about, giving further evidence of a major disturbance. From an adjoining room came the deep breathing of the sleeping disturber of this usually busy and efficient office.

The doctor was stretched out on the examining table with his hand covered with a crude bandage and his face covered with a three-day growth of beard.

Dr. Raymond Miller, a young doctor, began drinking during his hectic year of internship, to relieve the tensions of his busy service in the hospital.

During this year he fell in love with the efficient and well-liked operating-room supervisor. Their marriage was a social event, but it was marred by a quarrel growing out of the doctor's drinking. After the birth of their first child another unpleasant situation developed and only served for further excuses to drink. The drinking habit by now was becoming established, and a nightly event which the doctor insisted did not interfere with his practice.

It was, however, disturbing his marriage relationship, causing nasty quarrels and sleepless nights for his wife.

During this time she tried desperately to protect him and his practice, but she was now running out of excuses to cover up for him in answering important telephone calls and arranging emergency hospital consultations.

Family neglect, irresponsible behavior, poor judgment, alienated the love and respect of his growing family. Drinking now had substituted for all social activities. The family's plans were continually disrupted, and the doctor's indifference increased with each bout of solitary drinking.

There was a time when he stopped drinking for a period of a few weeks after his wife became ill, and once again when his parish priest lectured him on the evils of indulgence. There were brief but refreshing periods when the doctor prospered and showed a real interest in his work and his family. More recently, however, his wife had been showing unusual behavior, at times being confused and neglecting her teen-age children's needs.

Without love and affection at home, she became depressed and despondent, and even attempted self-destruction on one occasion. Finally, at the suggestion of her family, she was advised to enter a sanitarium for treatment. Without realizing the true story of her illness, she nevertheless made a satisfactory recovery, never once betraying the heartache that had caused all the trouble.

A year later she was again showing evidence of mental illness and was admitted to the hospital. At this time she related the entire sordid story of her life with an alcoholic physician. Her relationship (Turn to page 31.)



ARE COCKTAILS ESSENTIAL?

M. B. Edwards

This family experience, simply but sincerely told, helps answer the question, When a business promotion is involved, should the family celebrate in the glass?

ELLEN LEWISON stopped before the large, square-cut hall mirror, as much to gain time as to fluff her short ash-blond hair. Her clear green eyes looked back steadily from the reflection, noting the still good chin line, high cheekbones, and generous mouth. One advantage in having hair the color of hers, she decided wryly, was that it didn't show the gray streaks. And anyone with her problem certainly could expect to find gray in her hair.

Her capable hands straightened the white collar of her rose-colored dress in yet another delaying tactic. Then she took a deep breath and moved quietly into the living room of her comfortable Cape Cod home, to join the family.

The crackling fire on the hearth, the soft background music from the radio, the lamps throwing light on muted colors of rug and furniture, gave one the impression of homey warmth and companionship. An illusion just now, if ever there was one, Ellen decided a little bitterly, glancing at her daughter Janet's bowed head. Janet's

gaze held in a steady pretense on the book in her hand. Even Howard merely glanced in her direction, then shifted his evening paper to scan the next page.

Was she wrong in thinking that they could continue to live as they had in Clintonville? Simply because Howard had been transferred to Maybury, a much larger city, did that mean they had to join the crowd of cocktail-party givers? If only this unexpected chance of a promotion hadn't come up, things might have gone along as usual.

Not that she wanted to continue a useless argument, but she simply had to reach an understanding with these two, whom she loved best in the world. "Do you really think that serving cocktails tomorrow evening to Mr. Cranshaw and the others from your office will get you that promotion, Howard?" She was surprised at the sarcastic tone in her voice; she hadn't meant to sound like that.

She had annoyed him, of course. She could tell by the way he lifted his head suddenly, so that the gray at the temples showed clearly in the light. His dark eyes narrowed as he glanced her way, his large hands tightening on the newspaper as he shifted his spare, six-foot frame before replying.

"Serving drinks won't get anyone a promotion," he corrected her sharply, "but it might indicate that we know how to entertain, that we aren't naïve socially, that I would be big enough to handle the job of cost accountant and the

(Turn to page 28.)

I Played SIR GALAHAD

ONLY for a short time had I been in medical practice when a lawyer whom I knew came into my office. He told me he was a morphine addict, and begged me to treat him. I had read about the reduction treatment—a lesser amount each day than the day before, until the vanishing point is reached. Upon his solemn promise to quit the drug once that point was reached, I agreed.

I did not see him again for several months after his last call. He was a changed man; gone were his sallow complexion, his lassitude, his haggard appearance. Instead he walked with a lively step and stood upright, nothing cringing about him now. He told me that he had to use utmost will power to quell the longing after he had ceased to be my patient.

Knowing little about addicts then, I felt that if I could succeed in curing one, I could rescue others. I wanted to help humanity, to rid it of this viper gnawing at its vitals. I would be "Sir Galahad," relieving these unfortunates of the necessity for the use of any drugs at all.

But I have to confess I never cured anyone after that lawyer, although I did accept a number as patients. How they learned of my willingness to treat them puzzled me at first. Naturally, ethics forbade any kind of advertising, but some form of underground telegraphy must have been at work, since within a short time I was treating quite a few.

However, in less than ten months I washed my hands of all addicts who did not have some incurable affliction that demanded narcotic relief, such as locomotor ataxia, other late stages of syphilitic origin, incurable tubercular troubles, and cirrhosis of the liver. I treated these with the approval of the narcotics authorities.

What brought about my change of attitude was my discovery that too many addicts were liars, thieves, driven often to criminal activities to secure the money the habit required. At first these addicts sought my services like the usual run of patients a physician sees, decently attired, well behaved, usually stating they desired to get rid of the habit, promising faithfully never, never to indulge again, once cured. With such assurance I began treatment.

Not one kept his word. One by one they returned, after a month or more of absence, pleading, begging for a second chance. Sorry to say, I tried again, although I perceived that they had gone downhill. No longer were they like my usual patients; nearly all had a tarnished look.

Nevertheless I gave them a second round of treatments, and cautioned them never to return. Some, though, had the audacity to try a third time. This time they left, usually with a threat of "getting even" with me. They were served elsewhere, of course.

By this time, too, I perceived that instead of being considered an instrument of service to humanity, I was looked upon by some of my fellow practitioners as a discredit to the profession. The narcotics inspectors, who called to examine my books, left me with the impression it would be wise to quit treating addicts. One warned me that, if I did not quit, one of these human misfits would try to incriminate me.

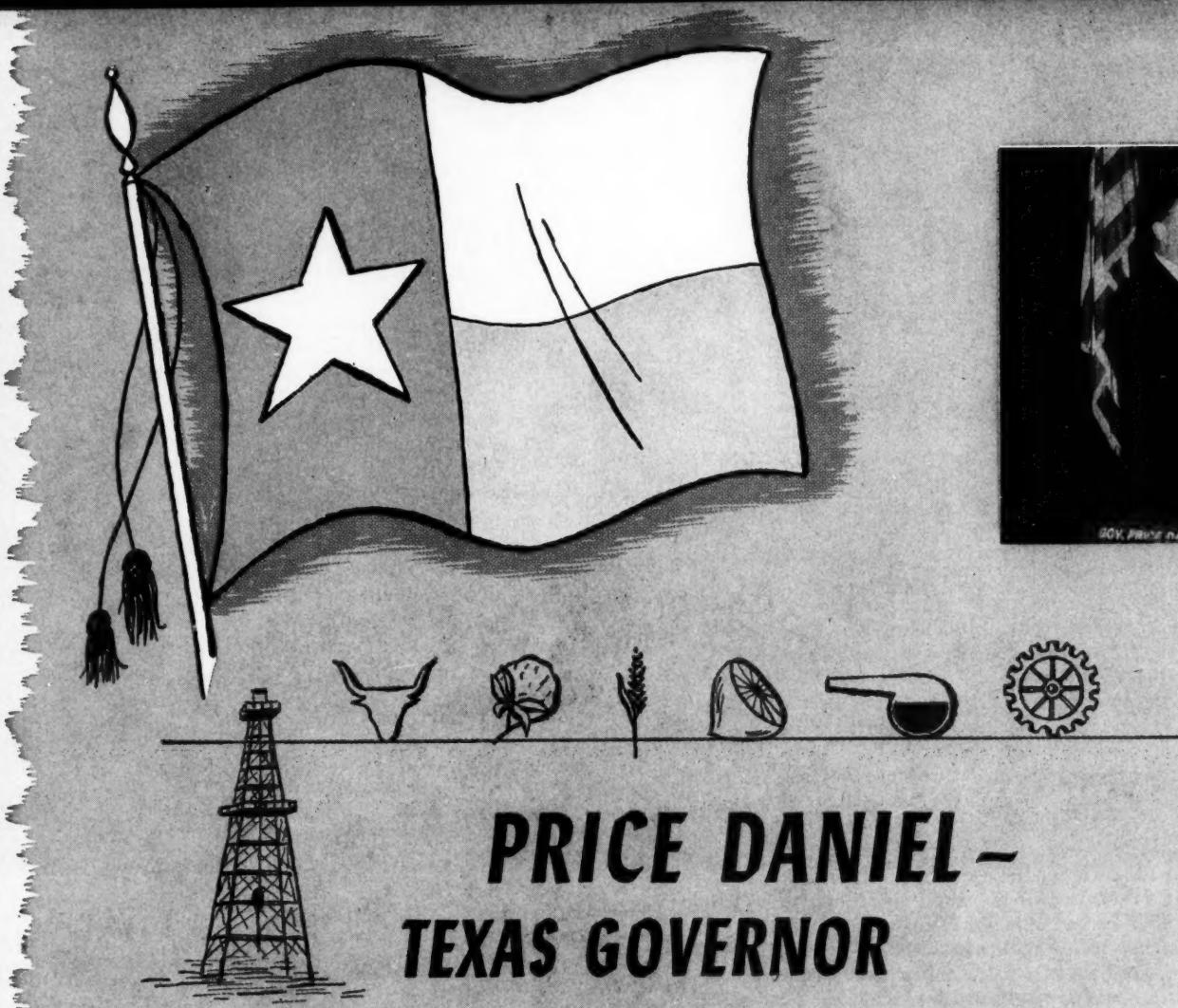
And so it proved. A woman addict pleaded with me to accept her as a patient. Reluctantly I did so. A week after I began treatment I was handed a subpoena. She had been arrested as a thief, accused me of charging her so much for my services that she was forced to steal in order to pay me. Of course, my books disproved her claims—none of these addicts

(Turn to page 29.)

S. J. Goldberg, M.D.

Can any so-called "clinic plan" based on the reduction treatment for addicts succeed? This physician's personal experience helps provide the answer.





PRICE DANIEL— TEXAS GOVERNOR

"The paradox that is Texas," a phrase coined by a presently unknown author, well sums up the story that in our day has become the tradition of the State of Texas. Perhaps more than any other state or nation in the entire world, Texas has wound around itself an aura of "tremendous chauvinism and flamboyant pride," of "splendidly large vitality," of virile "nationalism." At the same time this Lone Star State is renowned for its hospitality, its graciousness, its largeness of heart. The very name Texas, according to one source, derives from an early mongrel Indo-Spanish word *tejas*, a salutation meaning "friendship," and Friendship is still the motto of the state. Possessing a quality unique to itself, Texas is an "empire," an entity totally its own. It has existed under six flags, and became the only state to enter the United States of its own free will after nine years and 301 days as an independent republic. It is the only state that, without consent of Congress, may split itself into five different states at any time. Its largest county, Brewster, is six times

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Interview by Francis A. Soper

To one session of the legislature, Governor Daniel recommended fifty-two specific measures, all of which were enacted in substance. In this photo the governor approaches the speaker's stand as members gather for the day's meeting.



Constantly flowing through Texas is a stream of visitors from every land. Here in a special ceremony distinguished travelers from the Philippines are awarded honorary citizenship certificates by the governor.



Governor Daniel signs the official proclamation setting aside an annual temperance education week in the schools of Texas.



The governor holds a "press conference" with his family in a few moments of relaxation at home. Mrs. Daniel is a direct descendant of General Sam Houston. Missing in this picture is Jean, the Daniels' teen-age daughter.



President and Mrs. Adolfo López Mateos of Mexico visit Governor and Mrs. Daniel at the executive mansion in Austin.



Two visitors from Alaska, the one state that now outranks Texas in size, receive mementos from the governor.



With a vigorous handshake, Governor Daniel greets President Eisenhower, as he returns to his native state. He was born in Denison, Texas.

the size of the State of Rhode Island; and the second largest, Pecos, is more than twice the size of Delaware.

But Texas is more than space; it is more than tradition. Texas lives in the present, and plans for the future. Personifying the story that is now Texas is its governor, Price Daniel, one of whose forebears was the first alcalde under Mexican rule and fought in the early conflicts of the Texas Revolution.

Governor Daniel has been called a "rugged individualist." He personally shies away from such a title, feeling that it savors of the antisocial. He likes rather to strike a balance, weighing on the one side the need for govern-

by their constitutions, and in this way avoid encroachment by centralized Federal control.

The governor has always battled against what he feels to be selfish interests, pressure groups, and powerful lobbyists. He never has run away from a fight and is always ready to champion the cause of the people. Of particular import in this respect is his long defense of the Texas tidelands, and his important part in preparing and arguing his state's case before the United States Supreme Court, which last year ruled that the state is entitled to lands, minerals, and other natural resources underlying the Gulf of Mexico to a distance of 10½ miles from its coast.

Governor Daniel has long been known for his "crime-busting" ability and activity. In his six years as Texas attorney general he trained his sights on organized gambling—and well-nigh blasted it out of the state. His court injunctions against any racing results being put on the wires closed up all bookie parlors. In one year slot machines were reduced in number from 9,555 to zero.

The governor has developed a plan of unified crime prevention throughout his state that has attracted national and world attention, based on the principle of the local crime commission. Effective highway safety campaigns have been carried on, with particular emphasis being placed on excessive highway speed as a killer and the problem of drinking and driving.

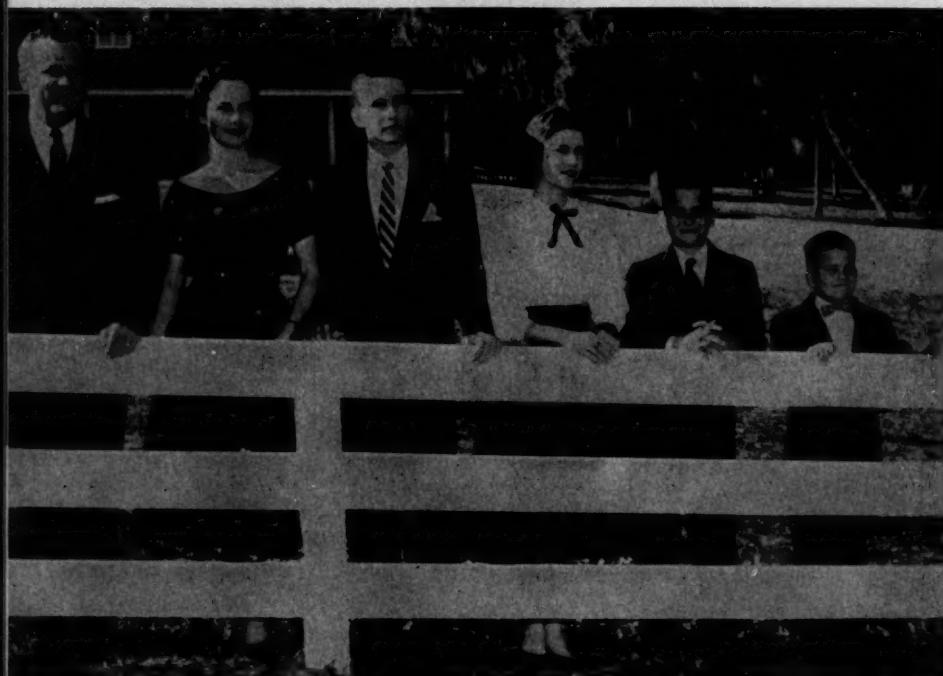
He feels that the average citizen can do much more

than he is now doing to help enforce existing laws, by being more consistent himself in obeying law, encouraging others to do the same, and giving active support to law enforcement. Especially is this true of the young. He cites the example of one city in which the high school students organized specifically to back up the local sheriff and the highway patrolmen, an effort which has had a tremendous influence on the local youth in making them law-abiding citizens.

Governor Daniel calls on all schools, particularly high schools, to strengthen educational programs on safety. This will be valuable, he says, for the entire community, in view of the fact that students take home what they learn to their parents and the younger children. Youth have more influence on good law enforcement than anyone else.

One of Price Daniel's greatest services to the nation he performed as Senator in the Congress of the United States. After his election as

(Turn to page 30.)



In spite of his pressing official duties and crowded daily program, the governor sees to it that occasionally his family can be together for relaxation at their Texas ranch home.

mental and social controls for the good of everyone, and on the other side the necessity for the preservation of freedom and opportunity for each citizen to make his personal decision regarding matters in his own life.

"There is too much of a herd instinct in our modern society," he says, "particularly among children and young people who do not want to be out of step. Our nation and our world would be much better off if there were more individualism." To the governor this, too, should have a practical purpose for every person: to serve his God and his fellow men.

Perhaps the "rugged individualist" title has been applied to the governor because he is a vigorous advocate of local self-government. He strongly believes in keeping government as close to the people as possible. Throughout his years of public office—as state legislator, attorney general, United States Senator, and now in his third term as Texas governor—he has insisted that state and local governments fulfill the responsibilities placed on them



What About a Vacation Down on the Farm?

IF YOU are tired of the usual resort crowded with city people, try a farm vacation this summer, advises a "city slicker" named William P. Wolfe, who operates an organization called Farm Vacations and Holidays, Inc., from an office on New York's Fifth Avenue.

Wolfe, once a Delaware farm boy, began helping city people enjoy country vacations eleven years ago when he founded his nonprofit organization. He thinks city dwellers should "explore a fascinating new vacation land—our own lovely rural countryside."

And thousands of families are doing just that each year. There are hundreds of farms and ranches which welcome guests in thirty-two states and in Canada. These farms are listed by state in a booklet published annually by Wolfe's organization. The farms and ranches are described in detail, and accommodations available are indicated. Copies of this booklet may be obtained from Farm Vacations and Holidays, Inc., 500 Fifth Avenue, New York 30, New York. There are branch offices of the organization in Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Miami, Philadelphia, and Toronto.

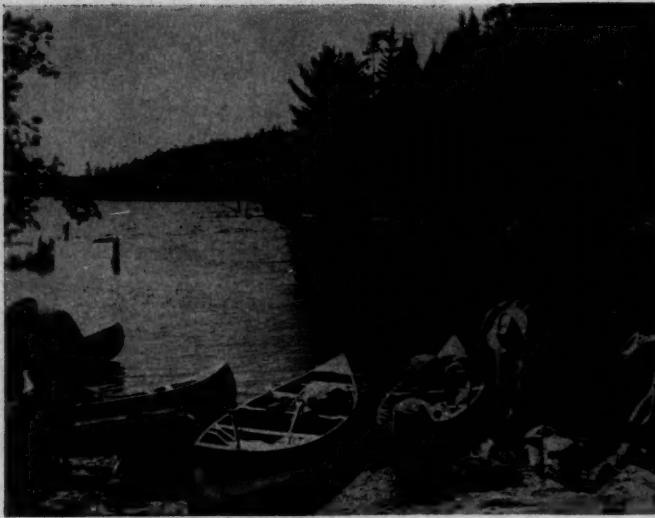
Some farms accept only children, others only adults, but most accept both. Weekly rates, which include meals, are low, usually \$35 to \$40 for adults and \$20 for children. Meals are generally served family style.

Most of the farms are working farms with the usual complement of cattle, horses, sheep, goats, chickens, cats, and dogs. There will be the old-fashioned haylofts and barns for exploring, and hayfields and pastures. An old-time swimming hole may also be available, but farms and ranches taking guests will have first-rate swimming pools and other modern accommodations. All farms and ranches listed in the booklet published by Wolfe's organization are inspected and must meet high standards.

City children delight in developing a "first name" friendship with farm animals. And the bucolic surroundings rejuvenate jaded adults, who soon learn to enjoy breathing fresh air instead of automobile exhaust fumes.

So, if you want an exciting new adventure, vacation down on the farm this summer.





From morning shove-off . . .



Past picturesque islands, and . . .

HERE it was, only a hundred yards straight ahead. Never did a lake look so good. Our trail had gone up and down and around for an unending third of a mile, until six-inch stones loomed up in front of me as boulders. Even twigs on low-hanging branches took on the aspect of enormous limbs through my perspiration-steamed glasses. My shoulders ached and my leaden arms refused to hold up the canoe any longer. My first portage was "killing me."

My pack weighed about fifty pounds—that is, when we started out from the shore of Moose Lake, where we landed

CANOE COUNTRY

after our first three miles of paddling. The canoe added eighty pounds to my load. To further my misery, two insects of some kind were contending for the same wet spot on the end of my nose. They liked the shade up under the canoe where my head was stuck between two black leather pads that were supposed to cushion the canoe on my shoulders.

My present fix I blamed on Sam Campbell, author and naturalist who had lectured in my home town of Takoma Park, Maryland, the previous winter. His beautiful movies of the canoe country were simply too much! So, after driving nearly fourteen hundred miles, six tenderfeet reached the shores of Moose Lake, Minnesota, and started out on their first trip into the wilderness along the Canadian border.

The last part of our first portage swung back uphill again and was narrow and winding through heavy underbrush. It was evident, too, that this was the runoff path for the sometimes heavy rains, for there was a little gully of varying depth twisting over the places where I was trying to put my feet.

Suddenly I was almost knocked off my wobbly legs. The front end of the canoe had struck a low-hanging branch, and fortunately caught there. I realized I was almost free of my burden. Cautiously letting the rear end down and sliding out from under, I dropped my pack to the ground, and then dropped like another pack right beside it. No downy bed ever felt so good.

A few minutes later I opened my eyes and found myself looking up through cool, green branches at fleecy white clouds drifting across a deep blue sky that seemed to stretch into eternity. I took a long, good look. Sam Campbell was right. Portages notwithstanding, this wilderness was a glorious place.

I was roused from my reverie by the sound of staggering feet and heavy breathing as the others caught up with me. After a time we were all at the edge of the lake and once more had packed everything into the canoes and were off, with our eyes searching the far shore for the next portage.

We could never forget that cool July morning when our canoes first glided out into the sunlit waters of Moose Lake. This was the thrill of the first time in the wilderness. Clouds, like snow-white cotton, seemed suspended in an azure sky. A tiny breeze kissed and barely ruffled the sun-sparkled waters. From somewhere across the lake came the weird cry of a loon.

This is the roadless area of America's Superior National Forest and Ontario's Provincial Park. Here are some 14,500 square miles kept by two farseeing governments in their original wilderness state and set aside solely for the canoeist. Centuries-old forests guard the shores of hundreds of clear lakes, and give shelter to the abundant wildlife which has made this its sanctuary.

Here your canoe is your life line. There is no other way in or out. You are navigator, woodsmen, laborer, doctor, cook, and dishwasher. In fact, you are IT, for you are literally on your own.

Many of the canoe routes which we follow today were mapped out three hundred years ago by the *voyageurs* who traveled in birch-bark canoes laden with furs. Today we travel in unsinkable aluminum canoes and receive from the wilderness something more priceless than furs in the recreation afforded us.

Going along on this trip were three canoes, carrying—

R. H. Riecks



The ever-changing vista of new lakes . . .



To evening camp in open forest.

while on the lakes—six sleeping bags and air mattresses, an eight-by-ten tent, a smaller two-man tent, cooking and eating utensils, food for six days, knives, matches, flashlights, first-aid kits, clothing, movie and still cameras, and of course extra paddles and six men.

We had written ahead for waterproof maps, which had been mailed to us; but we found on arrival that the outfitter could in only a few moments outline for us a trip best suited to the time we had at our disposal and what we wanted to see and do. The maps are good, but still we had to use a compass at times, for this is wild country with almost no trail markings.

We learned we were not to pitch our tents under tall or dead trees. Lightning has a way of picking out the tallest trees and might deposit a part of one on your tent, while a sudden squall could easily snap off a dead branch and drop it like a spear through your tent—and you.

If your first portage will be remembered, so will your first night in the forest. If it should be at night when you first hear the cry of a loon, you will probably sit right up in your sleeping bag and say, "W-w-what's that?" Or if an owl, having come in on silent wings, suddenly lets you know he is in the tree overhead, you'll get another kind of start. However, between the cries of wilderness creatures will be a quiet such as you have never "heard."

Across a silvery, mirrorlike lake, the tiniest of breezes caresses the serrated, moon-tipped pines silhouetted against the darkening blue of the early night sky. The embers of an almost-out campfire shower their minute fireworks until all that is left is a faint cherry-red glow. Then that, too, is gone, and except for a three-quarter moon and its shimmering reflection on the water, all is dark. You pour a little water on the blackened coals and quickly crawl into your tent. It has to be quick, for outside a steady humming sound is made by myriads of flying insects, mostly of the drilling kind, which seem to have suddenly come in like a wave to your camp. The strange thing about these invaders is that about eleven o'clock they vanish.

We had hoped to take pictures of moose and bear, but the outfitter told us we would probably not see any moose. Bears, however, he said, would be a different story. There were plenty of them and they were vicious, and would most likely come into our camp after food. The reason—there

were no berries this season. He suggested we sleep on islands, if possible, as protection. As we were anxious to photograph both bears and moose, we slept on the mainland two nights, but to no avail.

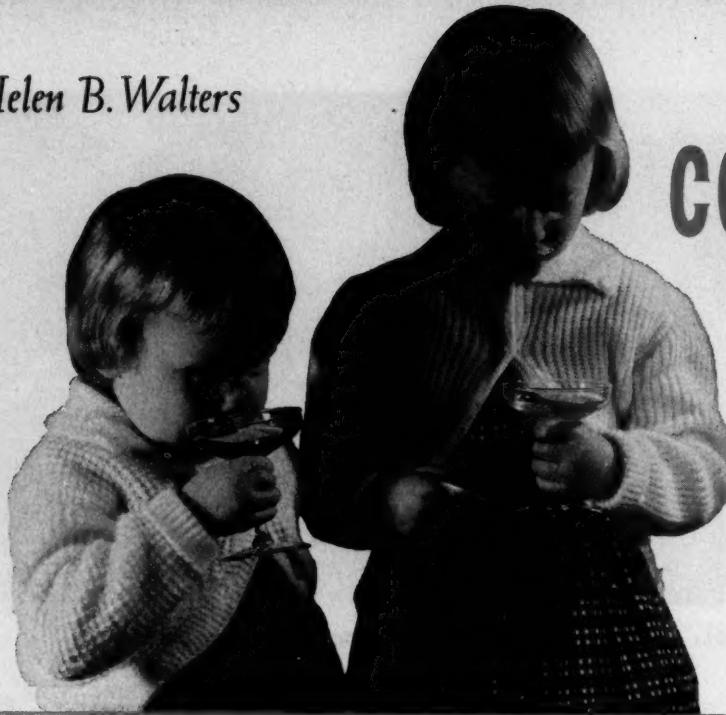
Beaver dams were plentiful. So were beaver houses, which were built just out from the shore in some of the lakes. We would glide silently up to these spots, but the beavers always anticipated us. Fresh white chips around newly "barked" trees showed where busy teeth had been at work, and sometimes we had the feeling we were being watched, but we never got a glimpse of the workmen.

In this canoe country something of the original spell of our continent has been preserved. As your canoe glides silently along, and rounds each bend of river, stream, or lake, what?—perhaps an eagle's nest in a lofty spot. Or you suddenly come upon a loon and her baby. She says something to him, and he quickly upends and disappears. In another instant she, too, has gone. You wonder if she said to him, "Submerge, you loon!"

Though we didn't see all the animals we had hoped to see, nor get all the pictures we wanted, we got something else from the wilderness that will always be with us. It cannot be put into words, but we received it nevertheless. We canoed and portaged through summer storms. We did the same in the delightful warmth of the wilderness sunshine. We listened to the crash of thunder and the streaming rain upon our tent at night. We watched the glorious play of lightning silhouetting the pines against the lake as we peered from our tent's door. We saw the gorgeous array of the sunset after a storm, gazed on the shimmering path of the moonlight on the waves, and felt the cool breezes always blowing. Then there were the smell of the pines, the call of the loon, the ever-changing vista of new lakes and new streams, and a pathway branching off from the main portage trail to a waterfall deep in the woods. These are some of the things the wilderness gave to us.

If you would like to experience some of the emotions felt by those who first explored our land, to round each point and wonder what might next come to view, to penetrate the cool virgin forest of an untouched peninsula, to drink from unpolluted streams, to see a beauty that can almost be felt—then try the canoe country, and be everlastingly grateful for farsighted governments which preserved it for you.

Helen B. Walters



COCKTAILS for Children

ONLY a short wait," the head waiter told us when we entered the fashionable café, and with a grand gesture he ushered our party through a broad arch. Gradually I discovered that the dimly lighted room was crowded with little wheellike tables rimmed with people. Each person held a glass. A startling fact drilled into my mind. Whether we liked it or not, we were waiting in the cocktail parlor.

Soon we were being jostled aside by new arrivals. A family, including father, mother, and two small girls under eight, pounced upon chairs around a table. From a dark corner came a waiter in a red jacket.

"Two of the regulars for us," ordered the father. "Usual for the kids."

"Oh, goody! Shirley Temples!" they cried.

My scalp prickled. Would any bartender dare serve these children liquor? The law forbade that. I could hardly wait till the waiter returned with his tray.

The glasses were all alike in shape and size. All contained ice cubes. However, those for the children had pink liquid which looked mouth-watering.

When the waiter turned to leave, I stopped him. "What are in those drinks for the children?" I asked.

"Just cherry juice and pop. Free, on the house," he said.

I nodded, too flabbergasted to thank him. So "cocktails" for children were free. The house stood its present loss to help build future customers. Here sat two little girls learning early in life to handle cocktail glasses with so-called social grace.

The cocktail custom is prevalent in modern life. Perhaps one reason for this is the influence of movies, television, magazines, billboards, and parental example. All sing the same tune, "Cocktails for smarter living." Girls buy cocktail dresses. Boys copy the "men of distinction." This means glass in hand, and not to know how to order is downright ignorance.

A major influence on national behavior is advertising. There was a time when women did not smoke. Then billboards showed them holding a match for men to light

cigarettes, thus giving feminine approval. After this was publicly accepted, pictures came showing a handsome male holding a match for the lady. Gradually women became cigarette customers.

Formerly, people were expected to be hungry at meal hours. It was a natural phenomenon. Now we are supposed to be thirsty before dinner, and have our hunger induced by cocktails.

Alcoholism is becoming a national problem. No home can claim immunity.

But not every inebriate is an old man or woman. During 1959, for example, the Los Angeles police arrested nearly two hundred children under seventeen for drunkenness. Of these, two were under ten years of age. From other cities come similar stories.

In 1958 the warden of San Quentin Penitentiary said that 80 per cent of his convicts under twenty-five years of age admitted they landed behind iron bars because of liquor. Perhaps some of them started as children with drinking parents who gave them Shirley Temples.

Each state has different laws covering children and liquor. In California no person under eighteen can be sent to a saloon, not even by his parents. But no law is broken if parents take children to cocktail parlors, because no liquor is served to minors there.

While I watched the two little girls sip their drinks, another family entered with a boy about nine. The father ordered "adult" drinks. Then Junior spoke up.

"I want a Davy Crockett."

Again I stopped the waiter. "What is the difference between a Shirley Temple and a Davy Crockett?" I asked.

"All the same." He grinned. "Girls want one, boys the other. All on the house, you know."

Statistics show that a high percentage of the nation's high school students drink alcoholic beverages, and that 70 per cent of all alcoholics started drinking in their teens. Approximately one in ten of all who start drinking will become an alcoholic. "Cocktails" for children should be more than merely on the house; they should be on the national conscience.

DEAR CHUCK

And, speaking of textbooks, here I go again some facts of life from good this year. "Aw, what's the use, I'm getting by." You son you are up to your neck in motor oil is that your car was just getting potentialities it possessed and knew it wasn't making the grade. There is the area of human relationships. Like most others your age, "I and mine" are the keynotes of your life. Look at that piston you just pulled. How far can your car run with one piston removed, or balky? The performance of the whole depends on the harmony of each well-adjusted piston to its mates in their common environment. If one piston shows temper or selfishness, you might as well pitch a monkey wrench into the whole works. Think of that when you drag your feet in family life or your school participation. You have left this to last, but it is really what has prompted this letter. You will eventually learn to purr, but first you must give it fuel. Into the tank will go the best fuel you pour into yourself the driver. One errand in life, and the car on which you labored

Kim Moseley



Judgment is only equal to clearheadedness. One beer eats away at caution, two beers make for fuzziness, and after three beers you might as well park your car on the railroad tracks and stumble away.

I know, that you have heard this sorry family story, but when I was a sophomore in college I would give me the sophistication I should have to be a social success. I had the experience of my life, a wrecked car, weeks in the hospital, a broken neck, and terrific expense for your medical care. I am still of the tragic memory of the accident, and the sense of helplessness and helplessness.

Judgment is only equal to clearheadedness. One make for fuzziness, and after three beers you might as well park tracks and stumble away. I know. I doubt that you have heard this sorry family story, but when I was a sophomore in college I thought drinking would give me the sophistication I should have to be a social success. Instead, it brought me to the worst experience of my life, a wrecked car, weeks in the hospital, the end of my college education, heartbreak, and a terrific expense for your grandfather. He had to borrow against his life insurance to get me out of the tragic mess. It wasn't my car. It belonged to my girl's father. I lost her, too—to a guy with more sense and confidence before the accident. I really had my self-respect shattered. I got a job to try to pay dad back. By then your daddy some had been spent on me because of flags at yo

I know. I doubt that you have success. Instead, it brought me to the worst experience in the hospital. The end of my college education, heartbreak, and tears. It wasn't my car. It belonged to my girl's father. I lost her, too—to a guy with more sense than I. If I lacked self-confidence before the accident, I really had my self-respect shattered afterward. When I was able to work, I got a job to try to pay dad back. By then your daddy was ready for college, and all the money and then some had been spent on me because of my foolishness. Chuck, I want to stand on the street corners and wave red flags at you and your first drink in high school, and the very things you hope drink tears down: manliness, inner dignity, poise, and self-respect. Your buck is for gasoline.

If I lacked self-confidence before the accident, I was ready for college, and all the money and then some had been spent on me afterward. When I was able to work, I got a job to pay off my foolishness.

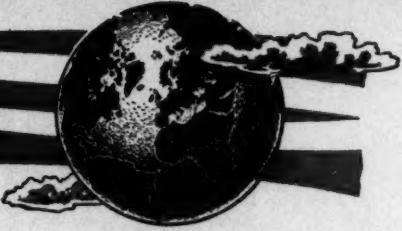
Believe me, Chuck, I want to stand on the street corners and wave red flags at you boys. Most of you take your first drink in high school, and the very things you hope drink-gumption will give you are the exact things it tears down: manliness, inner dignity, poise, and that's all, old fellow, and thanks for listening. The enclosed ten bucks is for gasoline when you get your car rolling again.

BEST WISHES ALWAYS, UNCLE KIM

Believe me, boys. Most of you take your
gumption. Don't be a sucker and let it fool you; it's
That's all, old fellow, and thanks for listening. The enclosed ten
when you get your car rolling again.

BEST WISHES ALWAYS, UNCLE KIM

BEST WISHES ALWAYS, UNCLE KIM



J. Mortimer Sheppard



FRENCH DECREES TO CUT ALCOHOLIC CONSUMPTION



THE French cabinet has approved a series of long-range decrees submitted by an interministerial committee designed to curb the widespread consumption of wine and other alcoholic beverages that brought death to at least 16,500 persons in France in 1959. France has been spending some \$500,000,000 a year on medical attention in asylums and on the treatment of degenerate children as a result of alcoholism.

The new decrees include the following directives: Cafés and wineshops near or inside hospitals, nursing homes, and old folks' homes must be closed after the present owners die. They cannot be left to heirs unless they be transformed into soft-drink establishments.

Prefects are to be authorized to take similar measures on wine outlets near churches, cemeteries, large shops, and factories, especially factories employing 1,000 or more persons.

On housing projects constructed since 1955, the number of cafés or wineshops will be limited to one per 3,000 inhabitants of the housing area. At the present time the number of establishments serving intoxicants is one for every 180 persons in France.

In the future there will be no credit for any alcoholic drinks in France. Formerly it was the custom for many bars and cafés to allow regular patrons to sign tabs for their drinks. Also the new decrees provide that owners of drinking places must pay up to 50 per cent more for their licenses.

Another decree will prohibit the manufacturers of alcoholic beverages from putting up posters or other advertising matter on the grounds of sports organizations. Nor will they be allowed to finance sports events, or to distribute corkscrews, diaries, and other publicity giveaways.

In its decision to separate sports from drink, the French government will forbid clubs to hold their meetings in places where wine, beer, and hard liquor are sold, or to leave their club trophies on display in such places. In the past it has been the custom for French clubs, especially those for soccer, Rugby, fishing, and football, to meet in their favorite café or bar, which they regard as their headquarters.

The National Assembly of France has authorized the government to take drastic measures to suppress alcoholism by decree, so that parliament will not have to vote on the decrees after they have been approved by the cabinet.

Another decree in the offing will require hard-cider and applejack orchards to be converted into orchards for eating apples.

With positive actions such as these decrees, France bids fair to take giant steps in solving its alcoholism problem.



A former bartender tells his story—

Why I Quit Selling Liquor

Jack Kronberg

DURING the hectic days of the second world war, the Colonial Grill was crowded to capacity and tip after tip jingled joyfully into my pockets. I still recall that the Saturday night before Christmas I made more than \$50 in tips while waiting on tables in the bar.

Despite such lucrative income, I dabbled at selling for a hosiery company in my spare time. Whenever a sales contest was on, I would make added effort to top my quota to win the prize being offered.

When my sales manager presented me with the prize, he would also try to persuade me to take up selling on a full-time basis. In addition, a minister who was also night clerk at the hotel where I worked, urged that I quit selling liquor and go into other sales work.

One night the minister said, "Jack, I can't understand why you keep selling liquor when you've proved you are capable of earning good money at other selling. Undoubtedly you go to church occasionally, but when you do, I'm positive you are so sleepy from your job that your wife's elbow is in your ribs in order to keep you awake." I had to admit that this was true.

"I suppose your children go to Sunday school," he added.

"Of course they do," I said.

"Did you ever stop to think that the time will come when they ask their mother, 'Why do we have to go to Sunday school when daddy doesn't go to church every Sunday, and when he does, you have to keep him awake?'"

I admitted, too, that this might happen. Later that morning I brought a big order to my sales manager and he again urged that I quit my job at the hotel and join his staff.

When I turned on the radio at home that evening, I heard a special broadcast telling about a doctor's wife who had started drinking socially and had continued un-

til she became an alcoholic and was faced with the loss of her home and family.

This made me think seriously about what liquor selling could mean. During the course of my duty that night, I noticed a number of married women sitting alone at the bar, or with a friend. I knew some of them had children and that they either left them alone at home or hired baby sitters in order to be able to come down to drink while their husbands were working.

I decided to quit selling liquor and accept the offer of a better selling job. About six weeks later, the minister asked me to become a Sunday school teacher. I didn't think I was qualified, since I had never attended Sunday school as a youngster and had not gone regularly when I was a bartender and waiter.

He explained, however, that my regular attendance with my family was what counted and that he would help me get started if I was willing.

The next year the congregation elected me as Sunday school superintendent. I shudder to think of what might have happened had it not been for the series of events that turned me from my job as bartender into much more satisfying and profitable lines of work.

The Switch Made the Difference

Three cities of comparable size by population grouping have changed from a dry status to wet in North Carolina in the past ten years of motor vehicle accident reporting—Asheville in 1947, and Greensboro and Winston-Salem in 1951. Analysis shows that in some of the wet years death rates are about twice as high as the death rates during the preceding dry years. Also, in comparison with other wet cities of comparable size remaining wet, dry cities changing to wet made a poorer showing. These formerly dry cities had an excellent record when they were dry.

ARE COCKTAILS ESSENTIAL?

(Continued from page 16)

social commitments that go with it."

"You are so right, dad," Janet agreed, joining in the conversation for the first time. "I'm beginning to feel like something from the zoo at high school these days. No wonder I'm not one of the crowd, when I can't go to the parties if there's drinking. That may have been all right back in Clintonville, but here everyone thinks I'm a real square."

But Ellen persisted, "Please do it my way this time, and we'll see how the party turns out."

"Sure, dad, all you've got to lose is the promotion," Janet reminded him with a mirthless laugh, turning her face to her book again.

"All right," Howard agreed, sighing heavily. "We'll have a real Clintonville special, and let the chips fall where they may."

Ellen felt as if she were going down for the third time. She reached toward the bookcase and picked something to read. She knew she looked much calmer than she really was.

If hard work and determination could have guaranteed the success of any party, this one would be a social master-

finest china cups. The sandwiches and nut bread couldn't have been better, yet looking at the evening through the eyes of those who might have preferred cocktails, she felt uncomfortable. Was Howard right? Was she being unrealistic in standing by her convictions?

Breakfast the next morning was not too constrained, thanks to Ellen's best efforts. Fall mornings were a bit dark, so she used a bright yellow cloth on the table, and the pastel pink dishes looked lovely against it. The hot muffins had meant she was up a few minutes earlier, but she hadn't been able to sleep longer anyway.

Howard finished his fourth muffin with evident satisfaction. "Well, we'll know today, probably this morning, who gets the big promotion," he said, trying to sound relaxed.

Janet eyed him anxiously. "Oh, dad, we're pulling for you. You're the man for the job. Mom and I know that."

He laughed and pushed his chair back. His hand smoothed his daughter's fair hair as he walked the length of the table and put his arm around Ellen's shoulders. "You did me proud last night, hon. It was a lovely evening, and I'm a lucky man."

How like Howard, she thought as she handed him his briefcase. He's telling me that he has no regrets, come

"Yes, I'm home." Janet sounded angry, almost sullen. That's all I need, Ellen thought. Janet in one of her moods will be just too much.

"You're early," she replied, trying to sound cheery. "I thought the team was playing this afternoon."

"We had time off to see the game," Janet responded, almost unwillingly.

"Did the boys lose? You sound rather downhearted," Ellen continued.

"Oh, mother, really! No, they didn't lose, everything is all right." Janet opened the cutlery drawer and started to set the table, which was her responsibility each evening. She switched on the radio, and soon the latest song hit made further conversation impossible.

I suppose I'll hear soon enough about whatever is bothering her, Ellen reasoned, but I do wish there hadn't been more trouble today. She opened the pastry tin in the cupboard. Thank goodness she had a baked pie shell. She'd have a lemon filling ready in no time. A meringue pie always looked a little special.

"We interrupt this musical interlude to bring you a special bulletin." The voice of the radio announcer cut into her thoughts, as the music switched off abruptly. "There has been a serious accident at the corner of Ryerson and Jennings avenues. Two cars driven by

"The youth who stands with a glass of liquor in his hand would do well to consider which he had better throw away—the liquor or himself."—Phillips Brooks.

piece. She waxed and polished until the floors shone and the lovely walnut of the furniture glowed warmly in the lamplight.

Yet at the party their guests seemed to sit stiffly, conversing in spurts and starts, not too sure of what to say next. Everyone felt in awe of Cranshaw, manager from the head office. He was heavy-set, with piercing blue eyes and a rather disconcerting habit of staring at anyone who spoke to him. For his part, he spoke little but seemed to be evaluating those present. No wonder there was a tenseness in the air. Would serving cocktails have put everyone at ease, any more, that is, than chilled fresh fruit juice?

Ellen served the drink from her mother's old silver service and used her

what may, but he feels already that he's lost out on that promotion.

She saw them both to the door in a flurry of small talk, trying to appear as relaxed as Howard. Then she returned to sit with her thoughts for a moment before beginning the day's work. In this complex society how could one be sure of doing the right thing?

Four o'clock came, and Howard had not called. Then Ellen knew the job had gone to someone else. What a restless, unsettled day it had been. She did not dare leave the house, in case the telephone should ring. Sighing, she started to prepare supper, wondering what special dessert she could make to cheer them all up.

The slam of the front door jarred her. "Janet?" she called, surprised.

students from Lakehurst High School were involved. Some of the occupants of the cars are in serious condition and have been taken to Greely Hospital. Names of those injured are being withheld until families have been notified."

Ellen tightened her hands on the edge of the table, hardly breathing as the impact of the news hit her. Her eyes focused on Janet's white face, then the girl threw herself into her mother's arms. "Oh, mother, I've been so mad at you. There was quite a bit of drinking at the game, and when I was offered a ride back from the park, I knew I couldn't accept because of you, because of the way you were willing to risk the promotion rather than serve cocktails. So I said I'd take the bus; but I hated you for spoiling my fun.

Now I know I might have been one of those students. I could have been killed."

The ringing of the telephone soon brought Ellen's thoughts back to the kitchen. Automatically she reached for the receiver, still holding her daughter. "This is the new cost accountant speaking." Howard's voice was exultant. "Cranshaw has been in conference all day, so he just gave us the news now. Told me he's expecting great things from me because he knows that I'll always be in condition to handle emergencies. Guess we didn't lose out after all."

Ellen tried twice before her voice would respond. "You're so right, Howard. Hurry home, dear. We're both here waiting for you. We'll all celebrate together."

She would remember this moment always, as her special talisman against uncertainty and doubt.

I PLAYED SIR GALAHAD

(Continued from page 17)

paid me more than \$1 per call. The judge severely upbraided her before he sentenced her. Then he advised me to have nothing more to do with such "vermin."

I had had enough. I gave the judge a solemn promise I would treat no more addicts, unless they had some incurable disease as the basis of their habit, and then only after I had cleared the case with the narcotics authorities.

Drug addiction, I am convinced, will never be eradicated. Syndicates exist, with agents everywhere in this country and abroad, whose sole purpose is to see that the supply of dope is adequate for their victims; dope peddlers are readily found to supply them. An addict soon learns where to obtain what he feels he must have.

Another phase of this problem is that many teen-agers are lured, or dared, to try a "shot." The good feeling induced creates a desire for a repeat. Thus many an addict is born.

The illicit traffic in narcotics is enormous. The amount of money spent, counting income of the syndicates, the dope peddlers, and others engaged in the traffic, runs into the hundreds of millions.

Can addicts be cured? Perhaps associations like Alcoholics Anonymous might succeed. Some former addicts no longer crave dope. Let such associations be formed, and offer aid to any who seek relief. Some addicts, maybe most of them, would like to call their souls their own again, be rid of the incubus that degrades them.

Youth Asks..



The Doctor Answers

R. W. Spalding, M.D.

Listen invites you to send your questions to Dr. Spalding, c/o Listen Editorial Offices, 6840 Eastern Ave., N.W., Washington 12, D.C.

How many alcoholics are there in the United States?

There were more than 5,000,000 alcoholics in the United States in 1958, 4,000,000 men and 1,000,000 women, according to the best information available. From one fifth to one third of all alcoholics in the United States are women.

What does alcoholism cost?

Its direct costs to industry total some \$1,000,000,000 a year, or enough money to pave a four-lane (forty-foot) highway with dollar bills from Boston to Washington, D.C., and pay each United States Senator \$600,000 yearly salary besides. And you and I, the consumers, pay these added production costs!

In lost wages due to absenteeism, we pay \$430,000,000, or \$86 for each of the 5,000,000 alcoholics in the United States. In accident losses we pay \$125,000,000. Aid to families of alcoholics comes to \$40,000,000. General hospital costs are about \$30,000,000. Custodial care institutions for alcoholics total \$25,000,000.

All of this does not take into consideration the physical and mental anguish and suffering of the alcoholics and their families. Only those directly involved in the tragedy of alcoholism can begin to understand the sorrow and torment caused by alcoholism. Why take the one-in-eight chance that you may become an alcoholic? Is it worth the price?

Why is it bad to drink?

Of what temporary or permanent benefit can the use of beverage alcohol be to you, your friends, your family, or your community? For social drinking, use those drinks which give additional strength and mental alertness. Why put your best judgment to sleep with a drug when you need it most?

After what time can you no longer help drinkers?

A drinker cannot be helped until and unless he wants to be! As long as he believes he can help himself and quit drinking whenever he wants to, no one else can help him.

If he can be shown the steps from the first drink to a drunkard's grave, and can be led to understand where he now is along that road, and the awful truth that his steps cannot be retraced—if, after this, he understands his helplessness and will ask for and accept help, then he can be helped.

But he must understand that once he becomes an alcoholic, he will continue to be an alcoholic. One drink will take him right back to the place where he was when he quit drinking.

Why is beverage alcohol licensed for sale to those over twenty-one if it is harmful to them?

When a person has lived for twenty-one years, society considers him to have lived long enough to gain sufficient knowledge, understanding, and wisdom to be responsible for his own acts. Before he drinks he should understand the effect that drinking may have upon him. If he has failed to inform himself, ignorance of its effects will not protect him. Until he is twenty-one society attempts to protect him from harming himself and others.

But there comes a time when society can no longer dictate his choices. And when this person chooses to drink, and alcohol puts his judgment to sleep, he still should be held responsible for having chosen to use a poison which may do him and others spiritual, mental, emotional, and physical harm. Often his freedom then has to be restricted, because alcohol has robbed him of his ability to choose. Then he becomes drink's man, not merely the man who drinks!

"WONDERFUL" PILLS

(Continued from page 8)

forced herself to sit up in her chair and type. The branch was collecting money to buy flowers for Mrs. Mack. Reports from the hospital indicated an operation for her.

That afternoon the branch secretary passed out slips of paper that gave the results of the annual performance ratings. All three typists had passed, but they only stared at the slips absently, too sick and frightened to be glad.

One afternoon several days later, Sally stopped working. Mr. Ainsley came down to her desk and asked her what was wrong. She stared moodily at her typewriter and refused to answer. Betty, alarmed for fear it might be a result of the "bennies," came over to Sally's desk and tried to coax her to go back to work.

"Look, Sally," she said, "just type. Don't think about anything. Just type."

Sally began to cry.

"Are you ill?" Mr. Ainsley asked.

"No, she isn't," Betty answered for her nervously. "She isn't! Here, Sally, you *must* begin to type." She put a sheet of paper into the typewriter and placed Sally's fingers on the keys.

Mr. Ainsley watched with a puzzled look on his face. "Betty," he said, "if there's something you would like to tell me, please remember I'm your friend as well as your supervisor."

Ignoring him, Betty worked frantically with Sally, patting her on the back and coaxing. Finally Sally began to type slowly one key at a time with tears streaming down her face.

It was late that afternoon, almost time for the whistle to blow, when all at once Hannah shouted, "Look! look! He's got ears like a wolf!"

Betty looked up and saw Mr. Ainsley standing a few desks away.

"He's turning into a wolf!" Hannah cried, cowering behind her typewriter. "He's coming right at me. The teeth! The fangs!"

She started to scream in loud, terrified shrieks. Mr. Ainsley picked up the nearest telephone and dialed emergency. Soon gray-uniformed guards appeared. Betty had tried to remain calm, but when everybody crowded around and the guards were restraining Hannah, she burst out, "It's the pills!"

In a second Mr. Ainsley was at her side, and she told him about the "bennies" but omitted any mention of Dr. Brown. Mr. Ainsley had the guards take Sally along with Hannah to the psychiatric hospital. He gave Betty an appointment in the dispensary.

"You're a very fortunate young lady," the doctor said after examining her. "If you had not cut down on the pills when you did, I'm afraid you would be in as grave a condition as your friends.

"Benzedrine," he explained, "is only a trade name for the drug amphetamine. Some doctors prescribe it for reducing because it depresses the appetite. There's no harm in taking it for a few weeks to reduce. Unfortunately, people in certain occupations misuse it. Truck drivers take it to help them keep their trucks on the road and drive long hours without sleep. But it dulls their minds and causes hallucinations and other psychotic conditions. It has caused terrible accidents on the highways. Callous criminals make a lot of money selling bootlegged pills at exorbitant prices."

Betty was shocked. "Will Sally and Hannah get well?" she asked.

"It's too soon to tell," the doctor said. "Some people who have taken too much of the drug can be cured in a few months, some in a few years. But some of them who have been taking it too long are left with a permanent psychosis like schizophrenia. They have to spend the rest of their lives in institutions."

Betty, remorseful at what she had done to her friends, opened her purse and took out Dr. Brown's address. When the investigation started, he was taken into custody along with "Joe."

PRICE DANIEL

(Continued from page 20)

Senator he received a report from the Houston grand jury pointing up the involvement of the narcotics racket in crime. Also, from San Antonio came information that a large percentage of crime was due to narcotics.

Putting to use his best sleuthing skills, the Senator, as chairman of a Senate judiciary subcommittee, probed into every corner of the nation, holding hearings in eleven major cities over a period of thirty-seven days, to focus public attention on the illegal narcotics traffic. In its report the committee found drug addiction responsible for 50 per cent of crime in large cities and for 25 per cent of all crime in the nation.

Stemming from these findings was the Daniel-Boggs Act, the most stringent antinarcotics bill ever introduced into Congress. No dope peddler will ever forget this bill, for it hangs over his head the prospect of five to ten years' imprisonment for first offenders to life imprisonment and possible death sentence for a third offense. Juries were given the potential of recommending death for those peddling heroin to

youth under eighteen. This bill has been credited by law-enforcement officials as being their most powerful weapon in enforcing the narcotics laws.

In evaluating the results of this legislation, Governor Daniel says that it has worked out very well in practice and has dealt the illegal narcotics traffic a "terrific blow."

However, this old-time crime fighter is not satisfied with anything but the one-two punch, the "two" in this case being an educational program to aid legal measures in knocking out the narcotics problem.

"Such education should begin on the high school level," he says, "and should graphically show the death and destruction caused by drugs, the horrors of addiction, not the 'kicks' claimed by those who use such drugs or peddle them to others."

The governor draws specifically this distinction between "the type of awareness that is helpful" and "the type that does more harm than good."

And speaking of education, Price Daniel favors it, too, in helping solve another prevalent problem today—the alcohol problem.

In his opinion much of the drinking these days is done because of the tensions and insecurity felt constantly by so many people and the lack of knowledge they have of the potential danger involved in using drinking as a means of escape.

Without hesitation he admits he does not have all the answers in solving the problems which arise as the result of drinking, but much of the trouble goes back to the home, he says, where children and young people receive their basic training. If right principles are instilled here, the young folks will abide by them, or come back to them in case of a brief lapse.

In too many cases, however, according to the governor, the children find drink available in the home, and see their parents using it. Naturally, they tend to do what is done in the home, and they will begin doing it early in life. This leads to one of the most troublesome aspects of the whole alcohol problem—youth drinking, which results in so much delinquency.

The two major ideals for the modern home, as Governor Daniel sees them, are unselfishness and service. This means, he says, "a greater responsibility on the part of parents toward their children, part of which is *leading* them instead of telling them. For example, parents should go to church *with* their children, not send them by themselves."

Governor Daniel is a dedicated Christian and frequently participates in

church activities. He has always been a lay leader and speaker, ever emphasizing the vital need for right evaluation of the principles of living. Recently he declared in a speech, "Someone has said that in our day and time we have learned to fly through the air like the birds of the sky and to glide through the waters like the fish of the sea, but we have not learned to live on this earth like human beings."

As to his own convictions on drinking, the governor emphasizes, "Abstinence is the best policy," and this policy is the one practiced by Governor Daniel and his family. Alcoholic drinks are not used or served in their home, nor have they been served in the governor's mansion during the Daniel tenure.

"I'm not one to tell someone else what to do, or to tell other parents how to rear their children—I have all I can do now, but I can say to both children and parents that they will live a happier, healthier life if they practice abstinence. They will avoid much of their troubles if they stay away from drinking."

Furthermore, he goes on, "Teach children that abstinence is the best policy. Point out the dangers of drinking on health, especially in this age of the automobile, and that any young person who drinks will be guilty of violating the law."

But he doesn't stop here, adding, "The best thing, after all, is for parents to set a good example for their children."

RAY—DISRUPTED USEFULNESS

(Continued from page 15)

with the doctor was so strained that divorce was contemplated. The doctor's patients were talking about his unusual behavior and poor judgment. In spite of the fact that the doctor agreed to hospitalization, his best intentions lasted but a few months and he was again back in his pattern of drinking.

What has happened to this physician with such a promising career only a few years ago? Alcoholism has now become well established, and he is showing evidence of mental impairment, alienating his family and friends and destroying his reputation. Alcohol alone can be blamed for the damage to this man's central nervous system.

The frontal lobes of the brain are considered to be the seat of one's personality, judgment, and reason. Thus, this intelligent and highly skilled professional citizen has suffered damage to a most important part of his brain, which has severely disrupted his usefulness and the lives of his family.



Hy Young

THE alcoholic beverage industry is guilty of discrimination. In fact, it is downright undemocratic. In advertising, whether on television, in a "slick" magazine, in a newspaper, or on a billboard, a large segment of their customers are ignored. If these advertisers were to turn from glittering night spots to the back streets and alleys of any large city, they could easily find men who could give them some unique advertising copy.

Approaching a man sprawled sleeping on the sidewalk and rousing him, an interviewer might ask, "Pardon me, sir. Would you mind answering a few questions?"

His subject would raise himself on an elbow, move to a sitting position, and try to get his questioner into focus.

"You drink regularly, do you not?"

"Yeah, whenever I can get the dough."

"And how do you get your money?"

"I beg, pawn my clothes, and sometimes steal, to get money for wine."

The interviewer moves on. He has a fine testimonial—a man willing to steal, if he has to, in order to buy the advertiser's product.

The next stop is at the door of a room in a dingy hotel. In answer to the interviewer's knock the door opens a crack, then swings open. A disheveled man stands on unsteady legs. The interviewer recognizes him. "Why, Mr. Jones! We used to handle your account. I visited you at your office only two years ago to talk over a contract. How do you happen to be here?"

Jones waves his hand at a bottle on the dresser. "This is all I can afford now—this room and this bottle."

The interviewer backs from the room, noting the sagging bed with its soiled linen, an accumulation of dirt on the floor, and broken furniture. Poor Jones used to be such an immaculate person, too. This interview is really powerful.

Moving up the street, the questioner overhears a man trying to beg a quarter from a woman shopper. The suppliant is shabbily dressed and has not shaved recently. After the woman refuses him, the interviewer moves closer and says, "I'll give the quarter you asked for if you'll answer a question or two."

"Go ahead."

"When work is so plentiful, why is it necessary to beg money for a meal?"

The man buttons his coat, looks at his questioner scornfully.

"Are you serious? Who would give me a job?"

"No one," replies the interviewer, "but clothes can be laundered. You can shave, bathe, and have your trousers pressed. If I give you the money you need, will you promise to get straightened out?"

"I certainly will. I promise."

The interviewer pulls out his wallet and hands the man \$2. Thanking him profusely, the man turns and heads down a side street. His benefactor follows at a distance and watches him duck into a liquor store. After a moment the interviewer sees him emerge from the store, a bottle jutting from his pocket. Shortly the man will be straightened out all right—on some sidewalk.

The interviewer has seen and heard enough. "What powerful testimonials!" he muses. "It's a pity we can't use them."

TAKE HONEY INSTEAD!

Clare Miseles

The trouble with habit is that it's easy to get into but hard to break. Fred discovered this in medical school, when the going was tough.

"One or two drinks will do it," a school buddy told him. "You'll go out like a light and sleep like dead! It's great when the pressure's on." What he wasn't told is that it can also become a need when the pressure is off.

About the time the semester was over Fred's family learned of his new habit. He had just returned home, nervous and restless.

"Just leave me be for a while," he told his folks. "Give me a few days to get back to normal."

This was understandable, for pressure at finals time is terrific. So he was left alone, but at bedtime he announced that he wished there were some Scotch in the house. "Then maybe I could get some sleep."

"What do you mean?" asked his mother curiously.

So he told them. "If it weren't for a fifth at exam time, I'd go off my rocker."

"But you can't expect to get help from a bottle. It's wrong."

"Wrong? Do you know what happens to your head when you cram and cram, and how you toss and turn all night, and get out of bed beat in the morning to face exams?"

"Yes, I know, but alcohol isn't the answer."

"So what is?"

"This is," she said, going to the kitchen and getting a potful of honey.

"Honey!" he laughed. "So that's the magic solution! Now, mother—"

"Well, try it," she urged, "just try it."

"But how can honey help?"

"I can't give you technical medical reasons, but according to books—and there are plenty on the subject today—it has a sedative effect. But this I know, and long before books were written. It's been a family secret, passed along from generation to generation. My mother told me, and since then I learned from experience that honey does soothe and calm. It really helps when you're overtired, relaxing an overstimulated brain and a jerky, jumpy body."

"At least try it," she pleaded, pushing a tablespoonful toward him. "You'll see it will really help you sleep."

"O.K.," he smiled, popping the spoon into his mouth, as if he were pacifying a child. "Hmmm, it's good!"

"Then take another spoonful."

"Taking another is easy, so is hitting the pillow, but I won't sleep!"

His mother didn't answer. Ten minutes later there was no sound but Fred's rhythmical breathing while asleep. Did he sleep? Like a log!

For Fred the transition from a bottle to a jar wasn't difficult. Honey became his ritual, especially before going to bed; besides, he liked it, and it really did help. What's more, he passed the good news around to his friends. "Don't touch that bottle," he told them, "take honey instead!"

They accepted his advice. And why not? He's a future M.D.

TIME FOR VIGILANCE

(Continued from page 14)

within a mile of a college campus.

In taking this action, the Board reversed the Alcoholic Beverage Control Department's action denying an "on-sale general license" to a restaurant on the grounds that it was too near to the University of California at Los Angeles. The three men composing the Appeals Board held that proximity to a campus does not create a threat to morals.

Coming on the heels of the action by the 1959 legislature, which passed a law permitting bona fide restaurants located within "the one-and-one-half-mile dry zone" to serve hard liquor, this new ruling eliminated another legal barrier. It made it that much easier for the liquor sellers to start operating next door to a school or college. The only question that remains, if this ruling stands, is whether the issuance of any license would be contrary to public welfare and morals.

In Los Angeles a bar, which had been closed for a period after a drunken patron shot and killed a woman worshiping in a church across the street, was permitted to reopen, because the state's liquor officials held that the bar's operation was not contrary to public welfare and morals.

Actually, if this test were realistically applied, no bar would be permitted, so it, too, is meaningless. As every thinking person knows, all bars and liquor-selling outlets are subversive of public welfare and morals.

Alleged racketeering in liquor licenses, which gained wide publicity during the Kefauver investigations during 1948 and 1949, is still a source of trouble in California. But recently officials have been professing more concern over the inflationary prices being paid for license transfers.

Malcolm Harris, state liquor director, asked for changes in California laws to end the \$15,000,000 annual turnover in the sale of liquor licenses.

He asked for the repeal of a law which prohibits the shifting of licenses from county to county. This would permit the shifting of San Francisco's oversupply of liquor licenses to areas in San Mateo, Santa Clara, and Sacramento counties where permits are scarcer.

The challenge of all these actions is very real. Adding to the menace of the present attacks on the state's control laws, which are at best only partly protective now, is the general apathy of the state's citizens and the fact that many California newspapers have fallen under the influence of liquor advertising.

ALONE

Constance Q. Mills

The earth and sky and sea, and I
Alone on the beach.
A gull's wild call,
The breakers' roar.

Alone to feel the stillness of the pause
Between sunset and moonrise,
While the western sky is crimson.
But in the east the ragged canvas of the night
Is slowly being drawn across the sky,
And the first stars are showing through
The holes of heaven
To my mortal view.

Such desolation and such peace;
My soul is filled with emptiness, yet exaltation.
In the wide expanse of infinity,
Only I am here to see such beauty.

MELODY OF SPRING

Solveig Paulson Russell

When spring's in the dawning, a luminous hush
Lies over the world; and then a thrush
Awakens to murmur a soft lullaby
To downy fledglings as morning comes nigh.

Tranquil a melody, tender and low,
Gently begins to quiver and flow,
Till it reaches each glade far and near,
And we walk in the gladness that spring is here!



by "Listen" Authors



RESTLESS SEA

Mark Bullock

O restless sea,
I love thee for thy restlessness,
And for thy boundless energy;
For thy proud waves
And thy brave heart.
I love thee for thy constant motion
And for thy spirit unconquerable,
Forever striving valiantly
Against wind and storm and time.
Thy sounds of ceaseless surges
Tell of thy discontent,
And from thy wild turbulence
My soul gathers peace.

POEMS WITH
A PURPOSE

PLEASURE

(Continued from page 11)

holic might use if he were capable of reasoning it out. We must be aware that the drinker, like the smoker, does not put his feelings into words. He experiences some strong emotion, be it resentment, feelings of inferiority, anxiety, jealousy, rivalry, or whatever.

To be strictly accurate, he senses that he may have such a feeling or feelings, and he dreads what may happen if these feelings come out in their full dimensions in relation to persons with whom he may be involved. So he drinks to avoid the pain or distress that he might have if he did go ahead and have the experience.

Because the act of smoking is so simple and so socially accepted, it is difficult for us to understand that the smoker uses his intoxicating experience toward the same ends sought by the drinker. The experience of private pleasure, which I experienced so poignantly, is universal, but it is seldom recognized for what it is. One need only stop to think how many young persons begin to smoke because they want to be accepted, to be one of the gang, to feel grown up, to feel important. Why doesn't it occur to them to seek this recognition without smoking? We are partly to blame for this because we do not help to air out the problem. We keep alive the myth that smoking is a part of gracious living, that it is relaxing, that it is pleasure.

Without smoking, I was more aware of my minor anxieties, nervousness, and uneasiness. And without cigarettes to help me ignore these everyday matters, I

had to do something about them. After I got over my amazement and chagrin at discovering that I, a supposedly stable psychologist, still had such problems, I was equally amazed to find that it was easy to do something about them. I found that what I tried to teach my patients was fully valid for me, too. "Share your feelings with other people." This genuinely relieves tensions, whereas cigarettes do not.

Smoking in bed was the most difficult habit for me to break. I finally realized that I clung to a cigarette at bedtime because of memories of childhood where insecurity was real, and where a little consolation in the form of a story or reassurance at bedtime worked wonders of relaxation. The cigarette, by keeping childhood memories alive, perpetuated the childish emotional need. As it always does, understanding helped me endure the distress of interrupted conditioning. I knew that I did not need this bedtime consolation. Thus I was able to do without it.

If cancer statistics should become triple-riveted proof that smoking causes lung cancer, people would not for this reason stop smoking. They would go right on smoking because the minor intoxication and the partial insulation help them ignore in part the value of any human concern. They do not believe now that persons like myself who advise them to quit smoking are concerned about their welfare. They say, "Why don't you relax? Have a *real* cigarette."

Therefore, let me make it clear that I am not so much advising people to quit smoking as I am advising them to quit thinking stupidly, and to quit being afraid of one another.

All of us need relaxation, and I have

nothing against pleasure. I do not think I was brave in quitting smoking, and I admit it took me thirty years to find out that I was afraid of sharing feelings and was covering up my fear through smoking. Cigarettes do not relax you. They are no pleasure, and they do not calm your nerves.

However, every person must know these truths for himself. He must not take my word for it. For yourself find out what you mean by relaxation. Find out why you need it. See what other ways there are to experience pleasure.

It is not effective to attack smokers and drinkers because they smoke and drink. We must help them find methods of interpersonal behavior so that they will not need the smoking and drinking methods they now use.

GRADUATION PARTIES

(Continued from page 6)

in 1961, he expects nearly 400 to attend.

Experienced in group projects, this brisk young leader finds the spirit wonderful among students and parents, and the actual conduct of participants unusually good. In late years, since "carelessness" became a feature of the affair, no outsiders or underclassmen attend. The party now is strictly for the seniors.

Many ministers of local churches (fifty-four at last count) have had sons and daughters in local senior classes and have shown themselves always cooperative, a fact that has heartened advocates of the party plan.

The most enthusiastic minister is Rev. Elmer Roy of the First Presbyterian Church, who said, "Certainly, the program in the past two years has been far superior to running off after the ceremonies to some strange and distant place. Last year's program was exceptionally good."

"I only wish," Pastor Roy adds, "that something like this were planned at Arroyo High School, where my daughter is now. I would like to see the idea spread. I suggest that interested persons write in for more information."

Pastor Roy will soon find out, if he has not already, that some planning is under way at Arroyo now, and a joint project with another school may result.

The current principal at Arroyo High (also in El Monte) is Missouri-born George Vincent Burnett, the same mathematics teacher who has spent thirty-eight years in educational work and was El Monte Union's first activities director. And Burnett has a way of working with groups and planting ideas that people enjoy, students and parents alike.

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OPINIONS

Menace of Moderation

After a nationwide survey, Dr. Horace Campbell, of the Colorado State Medical Society, concludes that up to 70 per cent of all fatal crashes involve drinking drivers. About 50 per cent of these drivers, he has found, have blood alcohol concentrations under .10 per cent.

"Stupefying Themselves"

Leo Tolstoy would be shocked if he could see how many people in the world today are smoking and drinking and otherwise "stupefying themselves," says Miss Alexandra Tolstoy, the last remaining child of the famed writer.

Miss Tolstoy, who hopes to organize a society of nondrinkers and nonsmokers based on her father's 1890 essay, "Why Do Men Stupefy Themselves?" points out, "During Tolstoy's lifetime you could seldom see a woman, a girl, or a young boy with a cigarette in his mouth. Now you seldom see a young girl without a cigarette."

Cost to One City

Alcoholism is costing San Francisco business firms about \$30,000,000 a year, according to Dr. Karl M. Bowman, emeritus professor of psychiatry at the University of California. He traces the losses to absenteeism, accidents, and errors in judgment by employed alcoholics. Dr. Bowman points out that local communities pay heavily to support an estimated 60,000 unemployed alcoholics in the city.

Huge Haul

Seizure of 110 pounds of pure heroin in New York during an October raid will create a shortage of the drug among teen-age addicts in New York and northern New Jersey, says George H. Gaffney, district supervisor of the Narcotics Bureau.

Alcohol—a Narcotic

"From first to last, alcohol is a narcotic," writes Dr. William Brady, health columnist. "People are generally unwilling to accept or rely on the advice of a doctor who is a cocaine or heroin addict, or one who uses any other narcotic except alcohol. They seem unable to realize that alcohol is a narcotic."

Drinking-Driving Penalties

The Presbytery of Seattle, representing more than fifty United Presbyterian churches, passed a resolution calling for severe penalties and strict enforcement of traffic laws, particularly in cases of drinking and driving.

"More stringent regulations, with severe mandatory penalties, including loss of right to drive and jail sentences, are required," it says, "together with an increasing strict and dedicated enforcement."

Aboriginal "Right"

Denial to aborigines of the right to purchase liquor "goes against the spirit of assimilation," says the general secretary of the Methodist Overseas Mission. Although the right to liquor is "fraught with evil potentialities," according to the Rev. C. R. Gribble, "we cannot deny the right to drink to the aboriginal who shares in our government and our life."

Beer for Babies?

Commenting on brewery advertising in "The Brewers Digest," advertising man A. A. Steiger points out that beer and bread both come from the same raw materials. He says, "It is no surprise, therefore, that babies get beer in many countries. They don't get any here because of some misguided concepts that confuse beer—which is a solid food—with beverages that also have their place in life, but not in the life of an infant."

Ask the Wino on Skid Row



In an article entitled "Grapes of Joy," James Beard, claiming to be an authority on food and drink, says the best way to learn about wine is "by drinking it adventurously. The average American," he goes on, "is a wine coward. He is afraid to try something new for fear that he will make a mistake, and look foolish. Result? Americans are missing one of eating's greatest pleasures."

Interview by Mike Jones

REALIZING the great impact that athletes have upon young people, we professional athletes should conduct our public and private lives so as to set good examples in areas of sportsmanship. Also we should take proper care of ourselves physically.

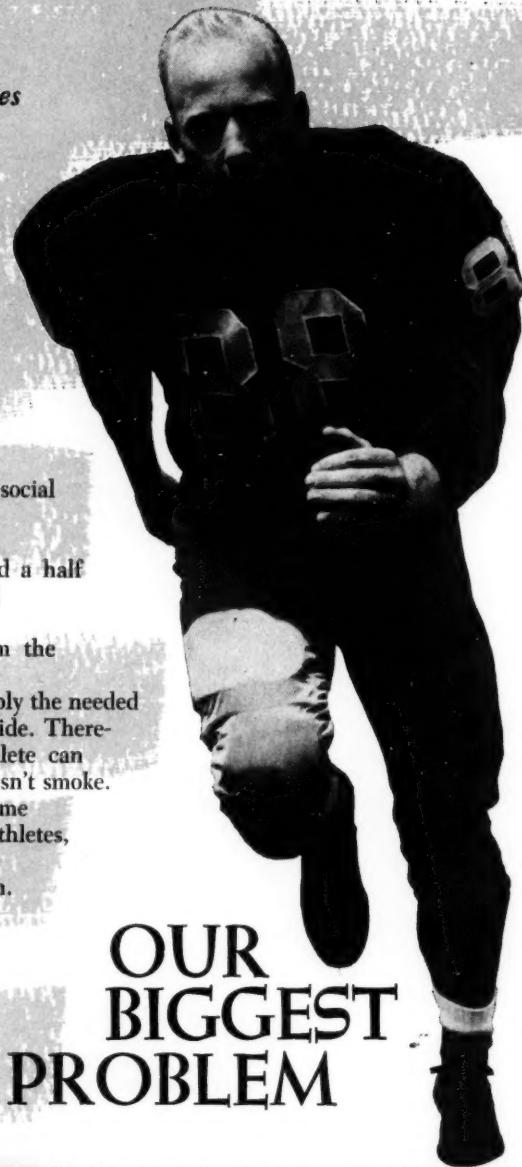
"On a professional level, some football players endorse cigarette commercials. This tends to degrade the sport, the team, and the players. It is easy to understand why some youngsters follow the behavior of sports heroes regardless of their ethical or social qualifications.

"Not only is smoking detrimental to one's health, but it is also a very costly habit. The cost of one and a half packs of cigarettes per day for only one year would be at least \$125.

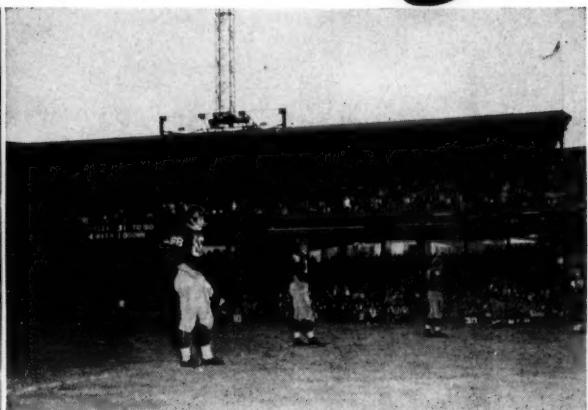
"Athletes need the peak efficiency obtainable from the muscular and the circulatory system. An efficient muscular system needs an efficient circulatory system to supply the needed nutrition to the muscles, and to dispose of carbon dioxide. Therefore, the better the blood supply, the longer the athlete can play, and the quicker he will recover his wind if he doesn't smoke.

"In my opinion the nonathlete should have the same outlook regarding smoking and drinking as do many athletes, for you never can tell when an emergency will arise that only can be overcome by superior physical condition.

"Our biggest problem is to set examples that teen-agers will respect, admire, and follow. We should help develop our teen-age leaders so they will set examples for their followers, too. Of primary importance, professional athletes by their public habits can play a major role in guiding and influencing teen-agers toward better living habits."



OUR BIGGEST PROBLEM



Dick Lasse, defensive right linebacker for the Washington Redskins professional football team, is a well-proportioned six-foot two-inch, 225-pounder. Dick played his college football with Syracuse, starring in his team's upset victory over Maryland in 1956 with five pass catches for 124 yards. "Lasse is the ideal coach's player," says Bill McPeake, coach of the Redskins. "He strives on the field constantly to improve himself, and he is dedicated to perfection. I would say he is our most consistent linebacker."

